THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 25, 1932

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FRANCE—*continued*

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The Bystander, May 25, 1932 No. 1484 Vol. CXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

A STAR OF THE STAGE AND THE SCREEN

A new and exclusive photograph of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who has been on the stage ever since she was a child. She first made a name for herself in revue, and from this admirable training ground leapt into fame as one of the finest comedy actresses of our time

Below: Lady Salmond with Mrs. Boothman, wife of the Schneider Trophy winner, at the Household Brigade Flying Meeting at Heston

The Marchioness of Cambridge and Mr. R. Milbanke watching the flying at Heston

Mrs. Samuelson and Captain Philip Catt

The Household Brigade Flying Club.

Lord and Lady Northesk with Mrs. McBain

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

GUARDS officers, cavalry officers, and others holding commissions in his Majesty's forces, are feeling pretty sore about life. And they have every reason for it. Months ago, when we went off the Gold Standard, and everything looked black, there was an Army Order to the effect that commanding officers were to give no foreign leave. Now, though it is no longer "unpatriotic" to spend money abroad, the Order still stands. An effort is going to be made to have a question asked in the House of Commons about it.

IN the meantime, the gaiety of Le Touquet has been forbidden them. They might, of course, have risked detection. But in these days of peripatetic gossip writers, and still more ubiquitous flashlight photographers, the game was not worth the scandal. The result was that Le Touquet was a sea of grass widows, and bachelors who were not in the Army had a marvellous time.

AT least the absentees have discovered that they saved themselves a great deal of money. Although members of Nash's were able to have their whole week-end for six guineas, the extras were positively formidable. The French seem to have quite forgotten their good resolutions. The gala dinner at the Casino was 27s. 6d., and the price of champagne on top of that made it extremely expensive, even when, like Mr. Willie Vanderbilt, you were able to point out that you had only had one magnum, instead of three put down on the bill.

MANY of the hotels, like the Hermitage, charged 15 per cent. for service on all bills under a thousand francs, and 12 per cent. on those over

GREETINGS from the GREAT.
Congratulatory messages on "The Bystander's" fifth Annual FLYING NUMBER

Lord Gorell

From LORD GORELL, Chairman of the Royal Aero Club

"The Bystander" is to be congratulated upon its enterprise in bringing out once again a special Flying Number; it is certain that each year such a publication appeals to an increasingly large section of the public. It is satisfactory that, even in a time of such stringency, our Light Aeroplane Clubs should be so full of activity as to establish their claim to further financial assistance from the Government, and in this movement "The Bystander" is rendering important public service.

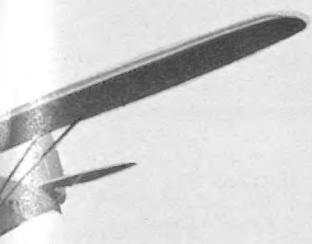
Gorell

Fighter Aeroplanes at Heston Air-Port

Miss Rosalind Norman and Miss Greg

Mrs. Gerard Fairlie and Mr. and Miss Johnson

Below: Miss Noel Orr and Miss Bice Wilson



From LORD LONDONDERRY, Secretary of State for Air.

Lord Londonderry

The fifth Annual Aviation Number of "The Bystander" gives evidence of its continued interest in the business and sport of flying. That civil flying should be progressing in a time of depression, when longer-established methods of transport are hard put to it to maintain their position, is a striking testimony to its value in the world of to-day. This annual number is a recognition of the general interest in air travel, the growth of which "The Bystander" has done so much to foster.

Londonderry

From LT.-COL. SHELMERDINE

I congratulate you on your fifth Annual Flying Number. By regularly maintaining your weekly aviation page at such a high standard you are performing a public service. Since your last Annual Number an Imperial air route has been extended to Cape Town, and private flying has steadily increased in popularity. I trust "The Bystander" will continue to keep aviation before the public.

F. C. Shelmerdine

Lt.-Col. F. Shelmerdine

this sum. In a way, of course, you cannot blame them, because the hotels only opened for a season of six days, and if you went back there to-day, you would find almost all of them closed.

ONE of the topics of Le Touquet was the unfortunate experience of Lady Adare and Miss Celia Palmer, whose motor-car, in which they were being conducted home from the Casino, broke down in the forest, with the result that they had to take off their high-heeled shoes and stockings and walk back to their hotel long after midnight. All kinds of versions of this story were given.

IN the Casino, at least eighteen chemin-de-fer tables were in play, as well as the high table, where the minimum punt was fifty louis, for a syndicate was in charge of the proceedings. As usual, the people who could afford the high table played at "the widows and orphans," while it was the more—shall I say adventurous?—who took a chance against the syndicate. These, however, were rewarded for their courage, as the bank lost consistently.

Lord Brecknock and Mrs. Colclough spectators at the Household Brigade Meeting where a fine display was staged

MAJOR JACK COATES had a little difference of opinion in the Casino with Erskine Gwynne, who used to run the now defunct *Boulevardier*. There were the usual rumours that the Prince of Wales was going to arrive by air. Lord and Lady Chesham were there. So were Lord and Lady Hindlip. So was Mr. Jack Dare. Lord and Lady Dudley had a large house-party, with dozens of Wards.

LADY STAVORDALE, in view of the near future, was keeping very quiet. Absentees included the Horlicks, Baillie-Hamiltons, and Kindersleys, and all the débutantes. Speaking generally, it was more the Buck's Club crowd who appeared on the scene. The Maharanee of Baroda brought a large party, and made a lot of money at the tables, and, finally, quite a section of smart Paris society made its appearance. In the past they have rather ostracised Le Touquet in favour of Deauville.

LORD PORTARLINGTON was showing everybody a very snappy little cigarette-lighter from Paris, of so dashing a design that I cannot describe it. It was given him by Henri Letellier. Paris is very good at this sort of thing. More than one girl I know has one of those bracelets with a tiny thermometer on it which has three levels for the mercury—friendship, love, and passion.

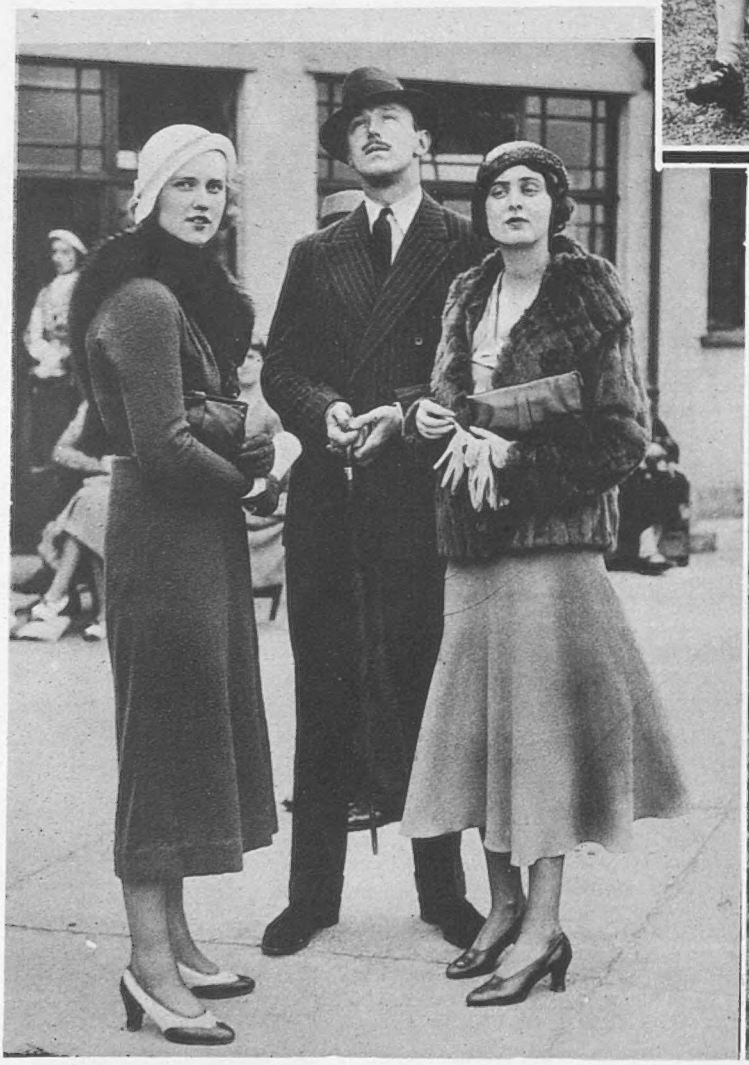
WHAT a strange thing is colour-blindness. I met the other day a sporting baronet who is entirely colour-blind. It is a coincidence that his neighbour in the country should be Lord Bristol, who, like his brother, Lord Walter Hervey, is also colour-blind. Lord Walter jokes about his visual limitation. But Lord Bristol does not think it at all funny, and frequently points out that to-day we have no idea what names Vandyck gave to his own colours.

IN proof of the fact that colour-blindness is sometimes hereditary, and is also confined to men, I may say that Lord Erskine's four sons are all colour-blind too—Lady Erskine being Lord Bristol's daughter, though she herself has normal sight. One of the oddities of this colour-blindness is that a victim of it is incapable of picking strawberries. They are exactly the same colour as the leaves, as far as he is concerned.

TO-NIGHT is the night for the débutantes. They will be present in force at the Queen Charlotte Ball. Luckiest are those who are dining with Lady Howard de Walden, for Prince George is a guest of hers at Grosvenor House. She has already given a dance for her daughter and her niece, Miss Gonda Van Raalte. The débutantes in the procession include Miss Unity Mitford and Miss Valerie Lynch. I hear that Miss Dorothy Dickson's daughter is, after all, not taking part.

Mrs. Ackroyd and Mrs. Shurey indulging in the daily round on the golf links at Le Touquet

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Chetwynd at Heston, interested spectators of the flying feats



Capt. W. D. Faulkner, M.C., Irish Guards, and Mrs. Faulkner, on the right, seen with the Hon. Elizabeth Brand, at the Heston Meeting

Major ("Fruity") Metcalfe, Mr. John de Forest, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, and Capt. R. A. Wilson, R.N., linked together on the links at Le Touquet

Right: Squadron-Leader Orlebar palpably amused by something at Heston

Below: Flying-Officer Maurice Jackaman preparing for the fray at Heston Air Port

Yet more Heston visitors: Lord Churston, Miss Betty du Pré and Mrs. Richard Herbert at the successful Household Brigade meeting

ONE of the more sophisticated dances this week will be that given by Mrs. Arthur Wendell, the aunt of Lady Galloway and Lady Carnarvon. It is being held at the Ritz Hotel, which the Wendell family usually patronizes when they are giving dances. To-morrow, Crewe House will be thrown open for a tea party in connection with the Royal Gala Matinée at Drury Lane.

TO-MORROW, too, Boulestin is giving a little gastronomic concert and supper, and, also to-morrow, Mrs. Alfred Debenham and Mrs. Woolland are giving a luncheon party at the International Sportsmen's Club. So some lucky people that day will only have to buy their breakfast and dinner. It is quite like the good old days of 1928, isn't it?

ONE of the best charity dances of the season, so far, was the Young People's Ball at the Café de Paris. The place was almost too crowded for comfort, and the wise ones had booked their tables on the balcony. Ord Hamilton, miraculously restored to health after his accident, is singing there once more. But it would not surprise me if Marion Harris, who has just agreed to sing at the Débutantes' Ball, will return to her old haunt.

MEANTIME, people are still talking about the presentation of Mrs. Philip Astley at the first Court. It is said to be the first time on record when an actress who was actually playing in a show has made her curtsey at Buckingham Palace. This is a feather in the cap of Miss Madeleine Carroll.

THE nightly bottle parties, under the direction of Miss Gwendolen Burke-Mills seem to be meeting with considerable success. There is an excellent cabaret as well as a dance orchestra, and the parties are not scheduled to break up before 4 a.m. You can either bring your own bottles, or telephone a certain Mayfair number and have your orders delivered at the "apartment" in Bond Street upon your arrival. Well, well!

(Continued on page iv)

Golf Appears a Secondary Consideration!

Major Jack Coates, Mrs. Cavendish, Lord and Lady Chesham, Mrs. Hewitt, and the Earl of Carlisle, seen above, were among the many who spent Whitsuntide at Le Touquet

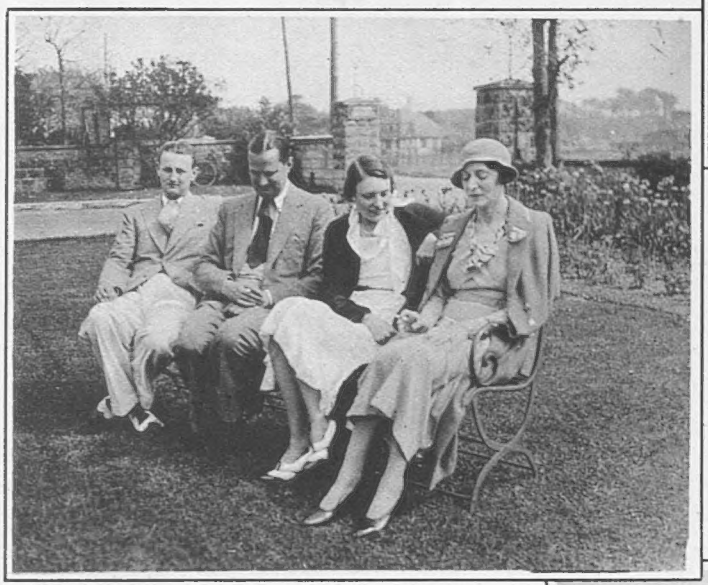
That Trip to Le Touquet

Some Whitsuntide Visitors who crossed the Channel for Golf and a Gamble

Mr. Malcolm Begg, Mrs. Medford, and Mrs. Munds enjoying an aperatif on the terrace of the Hermitage Hotel at Le Touquet

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilroy on the old course. Mrs. Gilroy, before her marriage, was Miss Mona Rudd, and hails from sunny South Africa

Mrs. S. H. Russell (l.), with Mrs. Paton. The former did quite nicely at the tables, but not so nicely as her husband who won a nice sum



In the garden of the Golf Hotel. L. to R.: Mr. Michael Turner, seated beside his elder brother, Mrs. Freddie White (who flies her own Puss Moth), and Mrs. Nigel Battine

Mrs. Havemeyer, a member of the well-known American family, seen outside the new club-house

Mrs. Alick Roberts and Mrs. Gray Horton, formerly Miss Gwen le Bas, who defied the sunshine in a Panama hat. This cheerful pair are seen seated on the terrace of the Golf Hotel

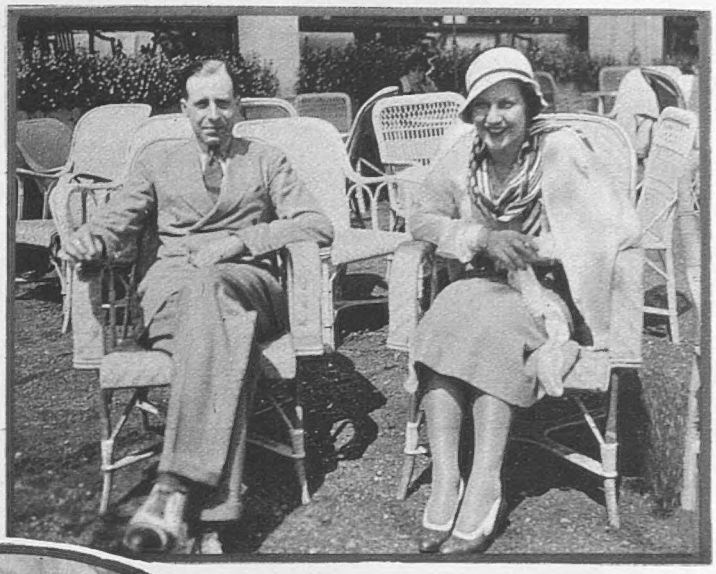
Col. and Mrs. Starkey, with Major and Mrs. Liddell, awaiting their turn to drive off and proving, incidentally, that Warwickshire sticks together. Le Touquet was crowded at Whitsuntide, and much interest was taken in the French Amateur Championship, which took place there and resulted in an English victory

Hors d'Oeuvres:

By "Caviare"

Left: Miss Anne Vesey, one of this year's débutantes, with a "friend" in Hyde Park. The daughter of Major and Mrs. Osbert Vesey, her uncle is Lord de Vesci

Below: Lady Lettice Cotterell and Lady Mary Lygon, daughters of Earl Beauchamp, leaving Hyde Park after giving the Pekinese his usual constitutional



Sir Edmund Findlay and Mrs. Alec Bowhill enjoying the sunshine at Le Touquet. The former's enjoyment in playing golf was cut short by a crick in the back

Snapped in the Sunshine at Home and Abroad.

MRS. CECIL PIM was the smartest Englishwoman in the Casino at Le Touquet. She is so gay and so alive that it is always fun to be with her. A lovely French girl was causing a bit of trouble between a married couple we all know—wives can be acid, can't they!

HAIR dragged back off the forehead and face is attractive to the very young and very beautiful, but not otherwise. Lady Wimborne should alter her style; she is so chic in her dress, that it is a pity. So should Mrs. Charles Cartwright, who has rather pretty hair. How well Lady Bullough does hers, and the Duchess of Roxburghs should be an example.

I HEAR that a young man who should know better is being very indiscreet about his Whitsun party. He is young, but old enough to be a gentleman.

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON'S daughter, Dorothy Hyson, is a darling; everyone likes her. She is very graceful, which is not surprising. She is great friends with quaint Miss Esther Grant, Margaret Cochran's daughter. It seems to be a strange fashion to have daughters, but Binnie Hale has some time to wait before Paddy Raine's début. The latter is four years old.

ONE of our most-talked-of and written-up new beauties has fallen in love with a terrible young man—what are we going to do about it?

MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P., is a most interesting-looking young man. He cannot be mistaken for anyone else, with his flaming red hair, horn-rimmed glasses, and "be-careful-I-don't-hit-out" expression. There is a great diversity of opinion about him. One person said: "He is a future Prime Minister of England"; but another remarked—well, he thought differently!

IN a certain Mayfair novel no less than four well-known women have identified themselves as "the aunt who takes a lover"—and are furious!

TALKING of identifying yourself—"The dark girl friend of a golfing young man has returned to London." Now, then, you three amateur golfers who think the cap fits!

WARNING! To a good-looking, somewhat sporting, very charming man, and a pretty, popular married woman—you have been seen. Do be more careful.

THINGS I have liked lately are Lady Castlerosse's black straw hat with tiny eyeveil; Mrs. Ormonde Lawson Johnson's sweet smile; Miss Amy Johnson's obvious happiness; Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger's ermine cloak; Lady Baillie's party; Prince George's good manners; and Lady Weymouth's son.

THINGS I have disliked are: Miss Mala Brand's dancing, Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton's cigarette-holder; Mr. Randolph Churchill's arguments; the latest scandal; Lady Astor's reference to her husband; and the unkindness of a certain mother to her pretty daughter.

GIRLS who really like and understand good music are few and far between. I'm not talking about the ones who pose at high-brow classicalities. Miss Jean Courtauld is very knowledgable, and a devotee, and so is Lady Georgina Curzon; Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore is a keen student, while Lady Howe and her daughter, Lady Georgina Curzon, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and Lady Juliet Duff seldom miss an opera.

THE Viscountess de Falaise is lovely, with features like a miniature. She reminds me a little of Miss Mimi Hart before she married. A well-shaped head is a great beauty. The Viscountess's is small and perfect. Mrs. James Beck has a wonderful head and neck. Few women can equal her poise, or, for that matter, her beauty, and Mrs. Thursby's head is a good shape.

THE male prize lists are closed, but full marks for the week will be awarded, regardless of sex. This week they go to Mrs. Gouldbecken, for being the first hostess to produce in public the Mollison-Johnson combine.

"Out" and About

Four Feminine Figures Pictorially Portrayed

Left: Miss Hermione Hannen, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Hannen, the well-known actor, who is following in her very talented father's footsteps

Miss Hermione Hannen *Lenare*

Left: Miss Diana Puckle, only daughter of Mr. P. C. Puckle, of Kineton, Warwickshire, who was presented at last year's Court by Lady Delamere

Miss Diana Puckle *Lenare*

Below: Miss Virginia Graham, daughter of Captain Harry Graham, author, dramatist, and lyric-writer

Left: Miss Ann Coats, a débutante of 1931. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats, of Sumdrum, Ayrshire

Miss Ann Coats *Claude Harris*

Miss Virginia Graham *Claude Harris*

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF:

The Amateur Championship

As these words which I write impress their meaning upon you who are reading, Eric Martin Smith is attempting at Muirfield to do what only two amateur golfers before him have ever accomplished. Horace Hutchinson was the winner in the first two official years; and Harold Hilton, who had three times previously been the runner-up, at last managed to win the first of his Championships in 1900. In the following year he again was successful, and on no other occasion has any amateur managed to be British Amateur Champion for any two successive years.

I cannot in truth say that I think Eric Martin Smith is the best golfer in the field, but I sincerely hope that he will succeed in his endeavour, for although his golfing reputation may not very appreciably have increased since his victory at Westward Ho! yet he has well earned the admiration of his friends and acquaintances by the way in which he has retained his sense of proportion.

Light-hearted golf at Le Touquet: Captain C. E. Benson and Lady Morvyth Benson engage in a matrimonial match

A year ago Martin Smith was a golfer who most people agreed might have a good chance of doing great things when his golf had matured, but few expected to see him the Amateur Champion for at least several years. His success at Westward Ho! was unexpected, but no more fortunate than is any victory in this competition; what luck he enjoyed lay merely in striking his best form at the right time. As I have suggested previously, I do not expect him to win the Championship again this year, and perhaps not in the immediate years to come, but if he retains his interest in the game, he will undoubtedly have a very excellent chance of repeating his success a little later on. All the golf in the world is obviously in him, as befits a young man born from the Hambros and Martin Smiths.

THE first official Amateur Championship was played at St. Andrews in the year 1886, although since then—actually in 1922—the Powers-That-Be decided to recognise the unofficial Championship held at Hoylake in the previous year, and thus made A. F. MacFie the first Champion. Thereafter, the Championships have been held generally at

Two of the semi-finalists at Le Touquet: E. Noel Layton (left), who beat W. Butler Duncan by three and two. Layton was beaten by Bentley seven and six in the final, after being two up at the turn

Hoylake, Muirfield, St. Andrews, Prestwick, and Sandwich; but it should be borne in mind that, although a rota did exist in the old days, there is now no recognised rota of Championship links. The Championship is played when and where the Championship Committee may so decide, and not necessarily on the courses in the order in which previously they have been used. The draw this year is a good one, although the entry suffers from the absence of three of those chosen to play for Great Britain in the Walker Cup Match. Two of these three, in J. T. Bookless and J. A. Stout, have no need to prove the wisdom of their selection, but I have to confess that I would have liked to have seen J. Burke, the Irish Champion, proving himself in British Amateur Championship company. The absence of C. V. L. Hooman from the entry I deplore, for I cannot suppose now that his claims will be considered by the Selection Committee for the Walker Cup Match. Perhaps Hooman cannot find the time to play, but I continue to maintain that his presence in our team to go to America, even at the expense of one of the already chosen, would be to strengthen it. He is playing better golf to-day than he has ever played before, and that is saying a great deal.

There is a large entry, numbering well over two hundred, although this year there is a comparatively small contingent

R. Sweeney (left) with H. G. Bentley, by whom he was beaten by one hole in the semi-final round of the French Amateur Golf Championship, held at Le Touquet

from Ireland, and there are fewer players from over the seas. Of the remaining players chosen for the Walker Cup match, T. A. Torrance, E. McRuvie, and L. G. Crawley are concerned in a private battle, with some sixty others who may provide unexpected opposition for the bronze medal which goes to the semi-finalist in the last quarter. These include the names of T. A. Bourn, W. Willis MacKenzie, of Mortonhall, Dr. William Tweddell and Dr. F. Scroggie, who has entered from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, but who, as every Scotsman knows, is still a golfer of no mean repute.

R. W. Hartley is in the second quarter, which also includes Eric Martin Smith, Stuart Bradshaw, who made such a brave fight in the final of the recent English Championship, and a possible disturbing influence, as far as their bronze medal is concerned, in S. Roper, of Wollaton Park.

THE first quarter contains W. L. Hartley only of the selected, but he is not going to have an easy time, for he has against him W. L. Hope, of St. George's Hill, and a very good golfer indeed in H. R. Howell, of Glamorganshire, who has made a practice of farming the Welsh Championship and doing well in the Amateur, and who makes up for a lack of inches in great strength and accuracy and also a determination entirely suited to fighting out a hard game. Also in this quarter are the two young Scotsmen S. L. McKinlay and Andrew Jamieson, and also Douglas Grant.

The third quarter includes R. H. Wethered, E. W. Fiddian, who is the new English Champion, R. Straker, of Sunningdale, J. H. Thompson, of Hunstanton, who, I sincerely hope, will play himself into the Walker Cup team, W. Tulloch, of Cathkin Braes, D. H. Kyle, Robert Harris, and the new Surrey Champion, Brig.-General A. C. Critchley. Between them they should provide a well-earned bronze medal for the survivor.

The New Plays: Crime, Comics and Cabaret

"Somebody Knows": Non-stop Variety: "The Jack Pot"

"Somebody Knows"

SOMEBODY knows that Lily Coles, street-walker, was strangled to death in her bedroom at the boarding-house kept by Madame Malvinetti, a retired opera-singer and teacher of music, in Kennington. Everybody knows that in every crowded 'bus, train, and street, some unconvicted murderer may be unobtrusively going about a lawful business. Everybody knows that the best killings of all are those in which the actors are prosaic, homely, never-to-be-suspected people who lead humdrum lives in unromantic surroundings.

John van Druten's play is a conversation piece written round the tantalising business of murder unsolved. It begins, by way of prologue, in a restaurant, with an inquisitive novelist (Edgar Norfolk) as spokesman. He cites the half-forgotten Lily Coles murder, still a riddle for the detectives and the criminologists. And yet—confound it—somebody knows the answer. Shall we know it too? We hope so as we cut back to Kennington and meet the Malvinetti household in January 1924.

But all our guessing is of no avail. We have scrutinised every character like a cat watching a mouse, and found them, one and all, not guilty. Lily's bedroom door has been closed against us; so, too, has the actual trial at the Old Bailey. We only see the waiting-room after young Perkins (Frank Lawton) has been acquitted by a mixed jury. The novelist, who is a friend of counsel for the defence (Malcolm Keen), turns up with a sensation-mongering actress (Enid Stamp-Taylor) to offer congratulations, and that is our last glimpse of the Malvinettis. We dismiss, without a stain on their characters, Mrs. Malvinetti's son (Lewis Shaw), even though he *did* faint after the verdict; her daughter Eunice (Cathleen Nesbitt), a repressed school-teacher in love with Lance Perkins; Mrs. Malvinetti herself (Muriel Aked), for we feel that if this delicious scorner of technique has been deceiving us, the deception is too monstrous to be borne; and, finally, Lance himself.

Lance, in the person of Frank Lawton, is surely far too "clean" and public-school to gild and then strangle the Lily. He earns a stray guinea as a professional singer; in the summer time he is a pierrot. In his nature, we are told, Don Quixote and Casanova struggle for mastery. He "gets a kick" out of rescuing Lily from the streets, falling in love with her, and wanting to marry her.

It is all as plain as a pikestaff. Lance, on discovering that Lily had been secretly plying her old trade, had gone out in his evening clothes, gratified his animal self, come home, changed, and gone out again, full of shame and remorse, to tramp the countryside, wrestling the while with his conscience. Meanwhile (we think) Lily, whom he had met, quarrelled with and left, had been followed home by her unknown acquaintance and murdered.

Somehow this seems unfair. The play is not a thriller; neither is it a mystery, for there is no mystery about such facts and persons as it presents to us. We are obliged to take it as a slice of life in the form of a sandwich.

As a conversation piece the Malvinetti ménage is excellent entertainment; as a slab of life it is gossamer that crumples up under the microscope. Madame Malvinetti, being another of the Aked and unashamed spinsters, is no more the retired, much-travelled opera-singer—a hard-bitten, temperamental, autocratic race, one would think—than Carnera resembles a pale young curate. Only Lily (finely played by Beatrix Thomson) "comes alive."

If this is Kennington, the Oval no longer stands where it did. But it isn't, and Mr. van Druten is too aware of the value of a glamorous veneer to life's drabber side-walks than to revert to the Manchester School. But oh, those lost chances! If the characterisation was purposely pitched in this idyllic key, the acting throughout was flawlessly on the note. If not . . .

Non-stop Variety

THE Pavilion is again the hub of the Vaudeville universe. But now the wheels go round faster; in fact, they hardly stop revolving at all. From two o'clock till midnight there is a continuous variety show, which means that every turn gives four performances—a strenuous, and, I hope, profitable arrangement. Truly the talkies have made the pace hot.

If the opening programme is any criterion of the good things to come, music-hall fans cannot fail to take this whirligig of first-rate talent at film prices to its bosom. A true bill, if ever there was one.

"The Jack Pot"

JUDGED by its first night, this revusical cabaret-show must have been unconsciously imitating the new "non-stop" régime at the Pavilion. The orchestra embarked on "God Save the King" at twenty-five minutes to twelve, a time of night at which the National Anthem is the "hit number" of any musical entertainment.

Pruned, pepped, and propelled with fewer waits between scenes, *The Jack Pot* may well prove a winning gambit. There is Henry Caine, to act lightly or seriously, but always with distinction; Charles Mortimer to lend sound support; Phyllis Monkman to supply an honest-to-goodness punch of low-life relief; Barbette to confuse the sexes *via* the trapeze; Oreste Noverro and Thais, the dancers from the Savoy, to comport themselves gracefully under an extra skin of gold-paint; and Marion Harris, the cabaret singer, whose fame is known wherever the supperites are gathered together. Miss Harris is brimful of charm and personality, but she needs an intimate atmosphere where those wan whisperings which lay bare the souls of broken-hearted "mommas" are removed from the hurly-burly of revue. For these confessional croonings a boiled shirt and a stall are inefficient substitutes for a dancing partner and a bottle of Cliquot. The second part of the programme consists of a war play by Vernon Sylvaine, in which Henry Caine and Charles Mortimer act finely. As the fons et origo of *The Jack Pot* is cabaret, and then more cabaret, this grim and moving interloper is a skeleton at the feast whose presence it would seem advisable to dispense with on the bill of fare.

TRINCULO.

Just a Song at Midnight

Ord Hamilton, who has been appearing, after a serious riding accident, at the Café de Paris, and is now at the Café Anglais. An extremely popular person at the piano, he sings his own songs with much point

A picture showing Madame Malvinetti (Muriel Aked), once an opera singer of notes rather than of note, but now a letter of lodgings, with her musical friend, Mr. Oram (Laurence Hanray), who affects the classical composers, while, in the centre, Lance Perkins (Frank Lawton), Madame's lodger, shows he prefers a more modern form of music. Later on, he is arrested for the murder of the girl to whom he was engaged, and has difficulty in proving his innocence

"Somebody Knows"

at the ST. MARTIN'S

"KEN'S" Impressions of the Van Druten Murder Mystery

Left: Eunice Malvinetti (Cathleen Nesbitt), Madame's daughter, in love with Lance Perkins, discovers that her rival, Lily Coles (Beatrix Thomson), is a street-walker

Above: Sir Daniel Markly, K.C. (Malcolm Keen), engaged in a "brief" study for the defence. He secures a triumphant acquittal off stage for his client, Lance Perkins, in the best Marshall Hall manner

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

An Open-Air Hit

Above: Boxing contests at the Crystal Palace in the open air attracted a large crowd of holiday-makers, and women, as well as men, were conspicuous by their presence

Tournament Trials

A Guardsman rehearsing the difficult feat of jumping bareback, with his saddle poised on his fingertips, in preparation for the Royal Military Tournament

The Hand-Shake of Amity

Nicholas Mishu, who represented Roumania in the Davis Cup tie at Torquay, shaking hands with F. J. Perry, of Great Britain, after their match, in which Perry only lost two games in three sets. Against H. F. David, Mishu put up a fine fight

ABOUT this time of year many mysterious telegrams used to arrive in London. Perhaps they arrive still, though in these uneasy days I rather doubt it. They were brief telegrams, and to the point. "The fly is up," they said, sometimes adding, quite unnecessarily, the peremptory words, "Come at once." Immediately the offices of lawyers, stockbrokers, bankers, merchants, and even journalists, were thrown into confusion. Serious-minded men would leave their work and their wives, and make their way to the water-meadows of southern England. Possibly, some of them are in the water-meadows at this very moment. I know, at any rate, that I shall be there myself within the week, for this is the May-fly season, when monster trout lose their caution, and even those of us who are still bunglers may have triumphs to record during the duffers' fortnight.

THERE are fishermen who frown upon the May-fly, complaining that it takes the edge off the trout's appetite, and that it leads to disappointment. I must admit, moreover, that I have met very few men who have done great execution while the fly is up; and when, to-morrow, or the day after, I wait impatiently for my train at Waterloo, I shall try not to be too optimistic. I shall remind myself of previous failures; but it will be no use. Continually I shall imagine the noses of huge fish breaking the smooth surface of the chalk-stream, and continually I shall experience in anticipation the thrill as I tighten, with admirable control, into a two, three or even—for such a fantastic thing is possible—a four-pounder.

I SHALL not be going to the Test, though last summer I was given a memorable day on that most noble river. I call it "memorable" not because I was successful—my bag, in fact, consisted of two grayling, so humble a fisherman am I—but because I was chastened and awed beyond belief. A village batsman suddenly called upon to play for England against the bowling of Grimmet would be less abashed than I was when I first looked at that crystal-clear water and remembered how rarely my fly would land upon it without a splash. And how I cursed the trout which was tactless enough to rise steadily in mid-stream while the keeper was with me! The keeper pointed him out, and stood by me while I cast. The fish was a thousand miles away. I could not possibly reach him, but I had to flick my line despairingly through the air. And then a gracious puff of wind came to my rescue, and there was my fly, cocking perfectly, and sailing down in the right place before a correctly curved point. There was a slight bulge in the water, but no rise. "He came at it, Sir," said the keeper, and I suggested that perhaps he should be rested. The keeper disagreed, and I knew that my hour had come. A swish, and the fly was fast in a bush behind me. Another, and it had descended in the middle of a tangled cast, yards short of my trout. "I think I should rest him now, Sir," said the keeper, and if ever I had any opinion of myself as a fisherman, it could not have survived those gently-spoken words.

Incidentally, the May-fly appears to be declining slightly on the waters of the famous Houghton Club, at Stockbridge, where it re-appeared in 1919 after a long absence. It still rises, however, in considerable quantities, and I note in the Club records that on May 30, last spring, Major Alston killed eight trout, weighing 18 lb. 2 oz. I shall remember that while the train carries me to Hampshire.

(*Continued on page* vi.)

A Polo Occasion at Oxford

Some of those who took part in a recent Club game on the University ground at Port Meadow

Mr. W. Poole, accoutred all proper and quite ready for the fray

Above : A rest between chukkers. The three cheerful players are Lord George Scott, Mr. P. C. Oldfield, who is Master of the University Draghounds, and the Hon Charles Wood

Right : Mr. H. Jackman. With him are his daughters, the Misses E. and K. Jackman who, like their father, are skilled players

Mr. John Lakin poses for the photographer before the start

Mr. Mercer Nairne, the Hon. John Pearson (Lord Cowdray's son), and the Hon. Charles Wood. The last-named is the son of Lord Irwin, the ex-Viceroy of India

THE WORLD OF THE FILM

Marian Marsh

Above: One of Hollywood's blondest and most popular film actresses. Her latest picture, "Alias the Doctor," is a First National production in which she plays opposite Richard Barthelmess

Dorothy Bartlam

Right: Dorothy Bartlam, who is one of our cleverest English film stars, in a very war-like attitude. She is wielding a native sword used in the Gordon campaign, one of her souvenirs from Egypt, where she recently played a leading part in the B.I.P. film "Fires of Fate"

So there is to be a big "get together" in the matter of movie-making between England and Germany. The vast Gaumont British Corporation have come to an arrangement with the equally important Ufa Company of Berlin, by which they will make English versions of a number of the selected super-productions of the German Company—an arrangement brought about, no doubt, by the colossal success over here of Ufa's *Congress Dances*. At least two of these films will bring Lilian Harvey to the English screen once again, and two more will star the attractive Renate Müller, of *Sunshine Susie* fame. If arrangements permit, Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, Sonnie Hale, and Edward Chapman will be among the first batch of our stars to be sent over to work in the vast studios at Neubabelsberg, Berlin. This reciprocal move is a big step in the right direction. It should make for bigger and better British films—and it should give some of the American companies a bit of a headache wondering exactly what is going to happen to them in this old market of ours, which not so long ago must have appeared to them to be theirs for life.

British pictures, they tell me, are beating the average American product at the box-office all over the country. If we can succeed in getting our people into the habit of going to British pictures because they are good, instead of staying away from them because they are British and have, in the past, been pretty bad, we must surely be on our way towards getting the thin edge of the wedge into the American market, because, once we are more or less self-supporting in the matter of pictures, we can sit back and say: "All right, we 'll only take your stuff if you give us the proper sort of break with ours."

Mr. Winfield Sheehan, the Big White Chief of Fox production in Hollywood, is over here at the present time, and one of the biggest jobs he has on hand during his stay is to find an English actress to play Mary Clare's part in the film of *Cavalcade*. He shouldn't have to look far. I can think of one right away who has all the qualities of beauty, voice, and acting ability to mark her down as the heaven-sent actress for the part. I refer to Miss Fay Compton. The part in *Cavalcade* calls for an actress who, beginning the film at the age of twenty-eight or so, goes through episode after episode until, at the end, she is a woman of some sixty years. It calls for a woman who has the requisite beauty for the romance of the earlier years, and the dignity which will enable her to carry off the later scenes. Above all, it calls for a great actress, and, although I haven't the slightest doubt of the Fox people, who are perfectly sincere when they announce their intention of "discovering" some new potential star over here and taking her over to play this rôle, I do submit that this would be extremely unfair on anybody they might discover. *Cavalcade* is something that can't be played about with. It is a great subject, and it needs great acting—such as only the Fay Comptons of this world can give us.

They are looking for a leading man over here, too, for this same picture. That won't be so easy. Herbert Marshall, of course, is the ideal (as, indeed, he is for nearly every leading part one thinks of), but he is in New York at the moment, playing in the Theatre, and goes to Hollywood on July 15th for fifteen weeks to make pictures for Paramount, so they can't get him. Ian Hunter is another who springs to one's mind—but he is tied up over here. And there are precious few others

The Glamour of

Frances Dade and Anna May Wong afford an and West have met. They are both appearing in the

the Hollywood Orient

interesting study in contrasts showing that East recently released talkie "Daughter of the Dragon"

whom one can think of as being anything like up to the part, either physically or from the point of view of acting ability. It will be interesting to see upon whom their choice falls.

ANOTHER "clean up" for that great character-actor, Gordon Harker, in Gainsborough's *The Case of the Frightened Lady*. One success after another for this one, both in pictures and in the theatre. His first job on the stage was as prompter to Fred Terry, on tour in 1902. And his first bit of acting was walking on with Ellen Terry in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in the following year. He 's got on since then. Don't miss *The Frightened Lady* when it shows at the Capitol. It is one of the slickest pieces of screencraft seen for many a long day, and the camera work is of a class that I have never seen bettered. Incidentally, in addition to Gordon Harker, there are superlative performances from poor Norman McKinnell, lately dead; Cathleen Nesbitt, and Emlyn Williams, who makes what is probably the most successful screen début of any actor of recent years.

The Jeunesse Stage-Dorée

Henry Garat as Jacques, a lady-killer of no uncertain order, in the Paramount-French production "Il Est Charmant"—which certainly appears to be an apposite title for the hero. It was presented recently at the Rialto.

GAINSBOROUGH'S next production (and, incidentally, the first to be made in the reconstructed Shepherd's Bush studio) will be called *Rome Express*. The whole action of the film will be on the train from Rome to Paris, and there are murders and all sorts of fun to keep us amused. And, for the benefit of those who may think that the making of this picture has been prompted by the great success of *Shanghai Express*, I would just mention that I happen to know that the story (an original one, designed for the screen, by the way) was bought and paid for some two years ago, long before the Dietrich epic was even heard of, in fact. And, incidentally, apart from the fact that we will be shown all our characters before they get on the train and then follow their adventures during the journey, it bears not the slightest resemblance to its distinguished precursor. Walter Forde (of *Ghost Train* fame) is to direct, and the very popular Joan Barry is selected for the feminine lead.

THE two latest productions from the A.R.P. (Basil Dean) Studios — *The Impassive Footman* and *The Sign of Four*— are impressive technical jobs, and show a very great advance on some of the other pictures emanating from that same home, for, apart from the Gracie Fields picture, their product cannot be said to have been outstandingly successful up to now. In the first-named, I was impressed with the acting and appearance of Miss Betty Stockfield. This young lady (always promising) has come on a whole lot since *City of Song*, and is now a really polished screen actress. In the Sherlock Holmes effort, my dear Watson, it surprised me to find that even in my present advanced stage of senile decay and general intolerance I could still be amused, entertained, and sometimes even thrilled by the workings of the mind of this super-detective and by the continued amazement of his apparently half-witted doctor friend at everything that the great man said or did. And, by the way, my only quarrel with the film is that a fine actor like Ian Hunter should be cast for such an extremely dull part. I know hundreds of Dr. Watsons in real life. Why didn't they come to me? This picture, by the way, signalises the return to film production of Graham Cutts, one of our greatest directors of silent days, who gave us such fine films as *Woman to Woman*, *The Rat*, etc. I have often wondered why he has been idle so long. It isn't that we are so bristling with directors who know their business.

First-Nighters at "The Jack Pot"

"The Jack Pot," the new revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre, drew many well-knowns in Society and the theatre to the première. Although not a show of outstanding brilliance, the performance of Marion Harris, the cabaret star, did much to make the audience forget the dull spots

Left : Miss Gloria Swanson and her husband, Mr. Michael Farmer, sitting in their box at the Prince of Wales Theatre

Right : Lady Bridget Poulett, Lord Poulett's only sister, was among the many well-known people to greet the first performance of the latest West-End revue

Below : The Earl and Countess of Brecknock seen in the foyer during one of the intervals on the first night

Photographs *Sasha*

Mr. Charles Birkin and Miss Margaret Whigham pose for the photographer at the first night of "The Jack Pot" at the Prince of Wales's

If Gossip We Must . . .

The Cranks' Hold on London—Opera at Covent Garden — Punch's Club Celebrations — That "H. B." Dinner

CAN it be that, in letting the redoubtable Mrs. Meyrick off with "an honourable undertaking" (though here one might echo Sheridan and suggest that honour had better be left out of the question), the authorities are taking up a more sensible attitude about all this repression business? "I don't want to send the old woman to prison again," was a magisterial comment which must have come as a relief to the "Night-Club Queen," even if she jibbed at its somewhat unflattering phraseology.

Yet, if there is no official tendency to become more lenient generally, the official tenderness here is unnecessary and even unjust. For, so far from Mrs. Meyrick deserving lighter treatment than an unknown woman in a similar plight would have received, she has been so persistent a breaker of the law that, logically, she should have been given a heavier one.

I AM very glad she has not. There is no need to make a national heroine of the lady, who has been out to make money, and in her day—or, rather, in her nights—must have made a packet of it. Yet Mrs. Meyrick has only done, at great cost to her pocket and to her personal liberty, what, on the Continent, people are not only allowed but encouraged to do—*i.e.*, she has made a capital city a bit gayer. She has fought against a tyranny which is no less abominable for being so utterly petty and foolish. How France and Germany must chuckle at such a position!

THERE is no question, and there never has been, of Mrs. Meyrick having been guilty of anything terrible or of any procedure even mildly immoral. She has merely sold drinks to those able and willing to buy them at hours when a band of cranks have a theory that we ought to be in bed. And those cranks have been enabled to put that theory into practice by ceaseless activity and by the timidity of M.P.'s who imagine that they will offend their constituencies if they raise a finger to cast down Dora. The "old lady" has shown more pluck than the lot of them put together.

THE "Drys" in the House of Commons are in a state of indignation and an eminent publicist—hardly a shy or retiring figure—has complained that the "Wets" have been having it all their own way, both inside and outside the House of Commons. Which is as pretty a bit of nonsense from an ex-"Wet" as I have ever met. The "Wets," the anti-Prohibitionists—whatever the label they bear—are shackled more and more, since duty after duty is clapped on to alcoholic liquor and never a farthing of it taken off. We are simply approaching a condition of Prohibition by Taxation. But there are, as I have hinted, signs that this tyrannical tomfoolery has reached its furthest limit and that we are in at last for a dose of common sense, and it has come not a moment too soon. A "Hidden Hand" can be quite useful at times, and is able to move in the right, as well as in the wrong, direction.

"To-day I Feel So Happy!"

Noel Coward and Douglas Fairbanks Junr. registering a large amount of mutual pleasure on their meeting. The photograph was taken during the visit paid by the former to the First National Studios at Burbank

Mannell

Anna Brunton

As she appears in "Bow Bells" at the Hippodrome, which is now in its second edition and chiming as merrily as ever. A special matinée, on May 31, in aid of the Bow Bells Fund, will be attended by the Duchess of York

THE season has certainly started off with a swing, with the decrease of imports and the increase of exports as a pleasant economic background. The opening night of grand opera at Covent Garden was very grand, though Labour's official organ, with unconscious humour which I found mighty pleasant, bewailed the passing of the social glories of the old days (when it was not in existence). The tiaras and the sandwiches were alike better than ever, and the old theatre looked very fine. For those lucky enough to be able to enjoy Wagner from a stall or a box, there is no more comfortable theatre in the world; and even in the parts of the house where one has to rough it a bit, the acoustic properties are perfect.

It was good to see the youthful and the be-paragraphed present in force. Much social (and consequently commercial) advantage has come from the burial of the hatchet, the musical advantage lying in the return to the conductor's desk of Sir Thomas Beecham, who is, of course, a superb conductor.

But Dr. Bruno Walter, whom he has succeeded, is also a first-rate man. One can derive some quiet amusement from reading the eulogies of certain

Great Experts of performances which differ hardly an iota from those of last year, which they went out of their way to damn on all and every occasion.

AFTER *Die Meistersinger*, which lasted for nearly five hours, many people went on, gasping with hunger, to the vast party given at the Carlton to celebrate the six months of solid success Punch's Club has enjoyed. Theatrical celebrities were there, but in the minority. Mrs. Evan Morgan, looking much slimmer after her trip abroad, was with some cheery companions. Lord and Lady Hindlip, Lord Warwick, Miss Margaret Whigham, Miss Rose Bingham, Lord Brecknock, and many more, kept the thing going until a late hour.

Although his throat was none too good and he had to grab a glass of champagne from a neighbouring table, to gulp between verses, George Robey nobly "obliged" with some of his old favourites, including "I Stopped, I Looked, and I Listened." That brought back the distant days of *The Byng Boys*, when the Binghams and Whighams were in their nurseries.

"COME Out, Come Out, Don't Flop About," that other Byng boy, yclept Douglas, sings on occasions. At the Globe Theatre the other afternoon Miss Mary Wigman (no, not Whigham) came out and duly flopped about. I make no apology for referring to her dancing in this fashion, for that is obviously what she intended it to be, since she disdains all conventions.

Miss Wigman, a German lady with a large following in America among the Mental Uplifts, has a method which consists in bringing a naked foot down upon the stage with a good hard smack. This she does to the accompaniment of the beating of brass basins. She is tremendously in earnest about it and it is obvious that she is possessed of much kultur. But I fell a-thinking irreverently of Noel Coward's Miss Hernia Wittlebot. There was a big gathering of intellectuals in the audience, including Epstein, but not Miss Maisie Gay, who would have picked up useful material.

THE "H.B." Club—what the initials stand for is still a

Pearl Freeman

The Pipes of Pan

Leonide Massine, the famous dancer, seen in the somewhat hirsute costume he wears for his famous dance, "The Faun." He is playing the Spielmann in "The Miracle" at the Lyceum

Walter Bird

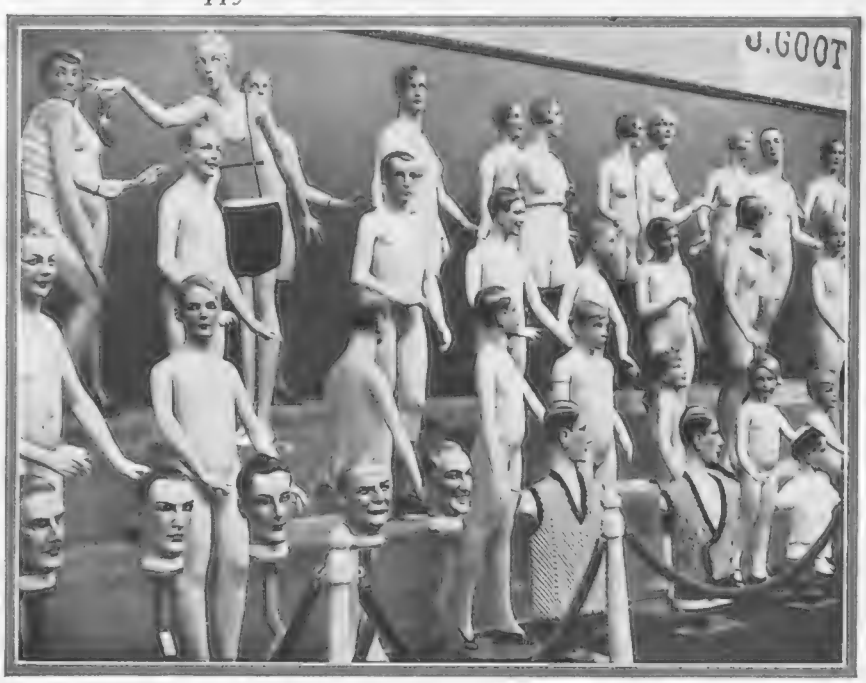
A "Nippy" on the Screen

Sasha

A Busman's Holiday

Mr. Douglas Byng (left), whose songs are so popular in the cabaret at the Monseigneur, Miss Lea Seidl, the star of "White Horse Inn," and Mr. William Kendall. They are seen at the first night of "The Jack Pot" revue

Left: Barbara Coombes, who was formerly a waitress in Lyons' Corner House. She is playing the heroine in the new talkie, "A Moorland Tragedy"



On the Beach at Le Touquet

Le Touquet was crowded for the Whitsun holidays, and very many well-known people were to be seen bathing in—We are sorry, but force of habit is a terrible thing! On closer inspection, we find that the above photograph is of some of the latest wax models for use in Paris shops

Sasha

carefully-guarded mystery—is not dead, I gather authoritatively; it is in a state of suspended animation, which will be changed to real and active life on the 27th of this month, when the Derby Dinner will be held. I went to "H.B." Club dinners for many years (usually with the much-lamented "Bill" Sampson, the art expert), bought tickets in the "sweep" with assiduity, watched the horses being auctioned, and was comforted by the knowledge—never having won a halfpenny—that very rich men would scoop the lot; which was almost invariably the case, such being the cussedness of fortune. The guest of honour on the 27th will be Lord Rosebery, and the members of the old "H.B." club will turn up in force, including, I am glad to say, Old Uncle Tom Honey and all.

C. B. Cochran writes to me from Casablanca, whither he went to recover from the effects of overwork; to have four big shows running in London simultaneously is a bit of a strain, whatever may be happening at the box-office.

He declares that he finds Casablanca "soothing." So did I a couple of years ago—until I wandered into the narrow streets of the native part of the city and had my pocket picked. Casablanca, like Tunis, has its "Souk" or native bazaar, and when I reported my loss to the authorities and described where it had occurred, they told me, in effect, that I could "souk it myself," and that I had been a fool to wander in that part with a considerable sum of money on me.

For all that, Casablanca is, in other respects, a nice, clean French town, well ordered and looked after, on the whole, though the ordering does not, fortunately for the trade in foreign visitors, include the compulsory closing-down of all gaiety at 10 p.m. or thereabouts. That is reserved as a protection against the dangerous possibilities of Brighton, Eastbourne, Worthing, and Bognor Regis. I am thinking, indeed, of writing a vivid article entitled "A Night in the Underworld of Worthing."

A Pair—and The Jack Pot

Left: Two more of those who attended the first night of the new revue, "The Jack Pot," at the Prince of Wales Theatre recently. They are Miss Renate Muller, the German film star of "Sunshine Susie" fame, and Mr. Malcolm

As I write, the murderers of the Lindbergh baby are still undiscovered. By the time these pages appear one hopes that they will be safe under lock and key. Nor will most people worry overmuch about their being safe; for they have in the States a little habit of lynching, and no one who has ever been lynched deserved it one-half as much as these foul brutes.

Meanwhile, I note in one account that "the whole of America is literally being scoured." Unfortunate word, "literally." For this sentence can only mean that each and every State in the Land of Liberty, is being subjected to soap and a scrubbing-brush.

Under a photograph of Nikitina, which was published in this paper recently, it was stated that she was producing two new ballets at the Opera Comique in Paris. I understand, however, that Nikitina was engaged as première danseuse only for this Russian Season de Gala, and that the producer is Mme. Nijinska-Bronislava, the author of the ballets.

EHEU FUGACES!

West-End restaurateurs have declared war on those customers who sign bills day in and day out with no intention of paying, and have stopped, or severely curtailed, their credit.

THIS evening we shall not be dining
In our favourite restaurant, where
The lights after sunset are shining
On the more or less brave and the fair.
To-night, love, your furs and your jewels
In restaurants will not appear,
For we're feeding chez nous on a bloater or two
Plus some cheese and a bottle of beer.

No longer with reckless abandon,
When the wine-waiter heaves into view,
Shall I order some Moët et Chandon
Preceded by "side-cars" for two.
Suprême de volaille and pêches glacées
Will not grace our family board,
For, though poultry is nice and I'm fond of an ice,
They are things which I cannot afford.

No longer the rich and the poor may
In restaurants cut a fine dash,
For nowadays even the gourmet
Must put down some good ready cash;
And that is a thing I am lacking,
So now, ere we sit down to dine,
Let us toast those bright nights
And their vanished delights
For the sake, love, of dear Auld Lang Sign!

B. W.

A Winning Treble

Three well-known film stars who win further success in the new Paramount talkie "This is the Night," which is packed with amusing situations and quick-fire dialogue. They are Charles Ruggles, Lily Damita, and Roland Young

The "Debs" and others Go Racing

Mr. W. P. Thursby, Mr. J. H. Thursby, and the Marchioness of Cambridge caught by the camera at Hurst Park hoping to beat the book

SOCIETY goes racing. Society, of course, always has gone racing, but not to the extent or in the manner it does now.

TAKE, for example, our "Debs." In pre-War days a débutante's racing season was confined to Ascot. "*Three* days will be quite enough, my dear. Please don't argue, Patricia; certainly *not* on the Friday."

HOW things have changed! Now the humblest racecourse is thronged with "lovelies," and you would only have to glance at the Badminton Diary of any "'Deb.'s' Delight" and you would see such entries as "Windsor with the Whigham"; "Pontefract with the Poulett"; and "Birmingham with the Bingham."

OH, yes, our lovelies take their racing very seriously, and I have even heard of cases of one or two of them actually *watching* a race.

TO what can we attribute this sudden fascination for the Sport of Kings? First and foremost, I think it is the lure of the camera. A nice day, a nice beau, tweeds (so becoming, my dear!) and a shooting stick form as suitable a background for a photograph as anyone could wish for.

THE late start, too, has played its part, as, with the first race at three o'clock, they have plenty of time to lie down for a bit after returning from the night-club which at that particular moment happens to be evading the vigilance of the police.

THEN, of course, there is the chance of gain. If you have a lovely rich beau he may put you on something to nothing; but you don't find many of that kind about these days. No, you must do your own betting, and if you take my advice, you will bet on the Tote.

IT 's very grand, of course, to be able to say you have an account with sweet Mr. Ladbroke, dear Mr. Pickersgill, or that divine Mr. Scott Fry, but it 's too, too shaming when you get their bill one Monday morning and realise you can't possibly pay it.

Mr. Menzies and Lady Portarlington, keen followers of the Sport of Kings, enjoying the good Whit-Monday racing at Hurst Park

Miss Christie-Miller and Mr. Cosmo Crawley. The interest of the latter in racing is only equalled by his enthusiasm for racquets and cricket

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Curzon-Howe snapped at the Tote, which always arouses great expectations. Mr. Curzon-Howe is a kinsman of Earl Howe

THEY will probably be very patient with you and smile sweetly at you over the rails, but you will feel terribly ashamed.

SUPERSTITION plays a very big part in the lives of our "Young Things," and on a racecourse they would stand on their heads if they thought it would bring them luck.

THE loveliest and most written-up of them all, though, is a great believer in prayer, which she finds extremely efficacious; and I must say that whenever I have been with her we have always "beaten the books."

WE had a great day at Ascot last Hunt Cup day. We lunched, of course, during the first race (I quite agree, dear—they ought to abolish the first race), but I got her away from the strawberries in time to back Grand Salute for the Hunt Cup. We took up our positions in that haven of refuge just in front of the Royal Box, from which place it is impossible to see anything. She said it didn't matter as she was going to shut her eyes, anyway.

A ROAR told us they were off and she became the most devout suppliant it has been my good fortune ever to witness at her work. With those eyes which have gazed into countless camera lenses tightly shut, and hands which have proved a god-send to gossip-writers clasped in supplication, she made a very appealing figure. The powers that govern Hunt Cups must have thought so too, for Grand Salute won, and won easily.

IT was then we made an awful discovery: we had only had one plate of strawberries and two photographs, and as we crossed the course to remedy the deficiency I once again distinctly saw her lips move in supplication. Once again, too, she was rewarded, as the cameras clicked like machine-guns. I remember them so well. She looked lovely in them all, while I appeared as "And Friend" in one, and was cut out of three. Too, too shaming!

Exclusive Photo by Peter North

LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX

A new and exclusive picture of Lady Brougham and Vaux, who was married last year to the fourth Baron, who succeeded to the title in 1927. One of the blondes, she and her sister, Essex, previous to their marriage, caused a great sensation as the beautiful French sisters. Owing to heavy taxation, Lord Brougham is compelled to sell Brougham Hall, Penrith

Collaborators at Large: Harris and Fairlie Start

Flying High

Instruction by Gerard Fairlie
Wings of Fancy by H. H. Harris

When we arrived and said we wanted to fly, we were heartily welcomed by Messrs. Norman Malcolm, Coysh, Page, and Denman

WHEN Harris suggested that we should fly in an aeroplane, I asked him what had happened at home. When we met again several weeks later, and after I had apologised, he suggested flying in an aeroplane again, with a definite and discernible glint in his eye. I said nothing at all, and that is how I was bullied into it.

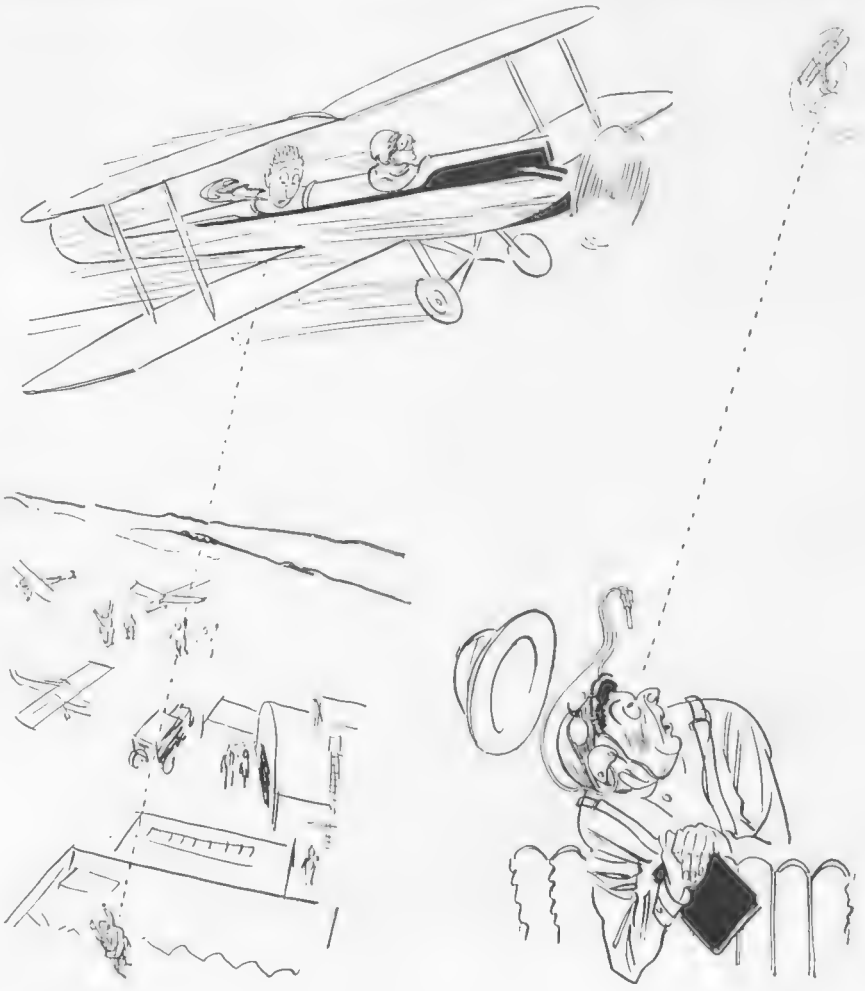
We decided that we would go down to Heston, partly because it is easy to get to and our car stops just at the end of our street, and partly because it is called an Air Port, and there is something familiar about the sound of that word.

We got there without incident. Harris was nearer our chauffeur when he asked for the fares, and asked for two to Piccadilly Circus when we had got to Kensington, going the other way. The man laughed and explained, and Harris and I laughed and said how foolish we country cousins were, and got out and got into our next car. When we had got to Hammersmith, Harris asked for two to Knightsbridge, and the man laughed and explained, and Harris and I laughed and said how foolish we country cousins were, and got out and got into our next car. So we got down all right without paying.

WHEN we arrived, everyone was quite charming. They asked us what we wanted to do, and before I could get my word in, Harris said we wanted to fly in an aeroplane. They said what sort would we like to fly in—a Puss, or just an ordinary Moth? Harris looked surprised and said what sort of a Moth? They said, oh, you know—just an ordinary Moth. Harris thanked them very much, but said he'd still prefer to fly in an aeroplane.

When it was explained to him, and I had laughed for the first time since flying had been suggested, and we had been shown both the types of aeroplanes that they had referred to, they said that, really, the best thing would be to take us up separately and let us feel the controls. I said couldn't we feel the controls on the ground, and everybody laughed. I didn't laugh, because Harris had ankle-tapped me; I suppose he learnt how to do that when we went to Wembley. It is an annoying trick which I shall certainly learn and practise on Harris later on.

THEN they said who would go first? Tails I do, heads you do, said Harris. Of course, I won that toss, when it was the one time I really didn't want to, and so the man who was going to take me into the air was introduced to me and I knew that now nothing could



Ups and Downs

Fairlie sees Harris *Harris sees Fairlie*

" Can't we take the air down here? "

prevent my taking the air, and all my past life came crashing down upon me. Harris picked me up, and then put me into the aeroplane.

" It 's all right," said the pilot as they strapped a belt round my waist; " this isn't really necessary. It is just a safeguard in case it should be very bumpy upstairs."

Then he went on : " That 's the stick," he said. " I 'll show you what it does in the air. That 's the rudder-bar—keep your feet off it until I tell you. That 's the cheese-cutter just by your left hand."

I thanked him, but said we could leave that behind if he liked as I wasn't in the least hungry ; but was there a corkscrew or anything like that on board ?

He said he didn't think I 'd like it if we left the cheese-cutter behind. He said you used it for landing. I said the sooner we used it the better, but Harris frowned, so I laughed shakily and tried to pretend that was meant as a joke. There was very little amusement.

The pilot taxied the aeroplane across the aerodrome and turned it. He then did what I understand is referred to as " giving it the gun." At the same moment the aircraft leapt forward and the noise became deafening. The hangars and club-house in the distance began to approach us at a most remarkable speed. They seemed intent upon a head-on collision and I resigned myself to my fate, wondering if my wings would itch when they began to grow on my shoulder-blades.

But then a surprising thing happened. Just as abruptly as the tremendous roar had struck my ear-drums, the aeroplane, which had been bumping along the ground, suddenly ceased to bump at all. Awakened out of my resignation to death, I looked over the side and promptly looked back again, fixing my eyes firmly on the back of the pilot's head. What I had seen disturbed me considerably. There could be no doubt about it—we were actually in the air. Unable to restrain myself, however, I again looked over the side, and saw the hangars and the club-house passing beneath us. I realised that the sensation did not appeal to me, but, sportsman to the last, I tried to remove the very firm grip of my fingers from the side of my seat. It looked fragile.

The pilot's voice suddenly came to me through the ear-'phones of my helmet.

" Can you hear me ? " he asked.

" Yes, thank you," I said.

" Good. Take hold of the stick."

I did. The wings on my left immediately left my range of vision altogether, until I opened my eyes again. By that time the pilot had got the aircraft straight.

His voice once more came to me over the 'phones :

" Don't be so rough," he said. " A very light touch is required. Take hold of that stick between your fingers and note what happens when I move it."

A lot happened when he moved it. A little to the left and he gave me an excellent private view of a reservoir. A little to the right and he showed me a pretty little cemetery. A little back and we had a close-up of a cloud. A little forward and I saw nothing at all. I had shut my eyes very firmly, for earth looks hard when it is rushing up at you.

" Easy, isn't it ? " said the pilot's voice. " Now put your feet on the rudder-bar."

I put my feet on the rudder-bar, but I took the precaution of shutting my eyes before I did so. When I opened them we seemed to be still alive, and the pilot's voice, when he spoke again, seemed to be quite cheerful.

" If you want to turn to the left," he said, " push the stick over to the left and push your left foot forward."

We turned.

" Now," he remarked, " you fly the thing. Keep your nose on the horizon. Carry on."

I did my best to keep my nose on the horizon, but it necessitated my looking upwards, with the result that I drew myself back and, I suppose, did something to the stick. In any case, the aeroplane made a half-hearted attempt on a loop, and the pilot's voice sounded, for the first time, excited.

After I had listened to him, I started on my turn.

" I say," I said, croakily.

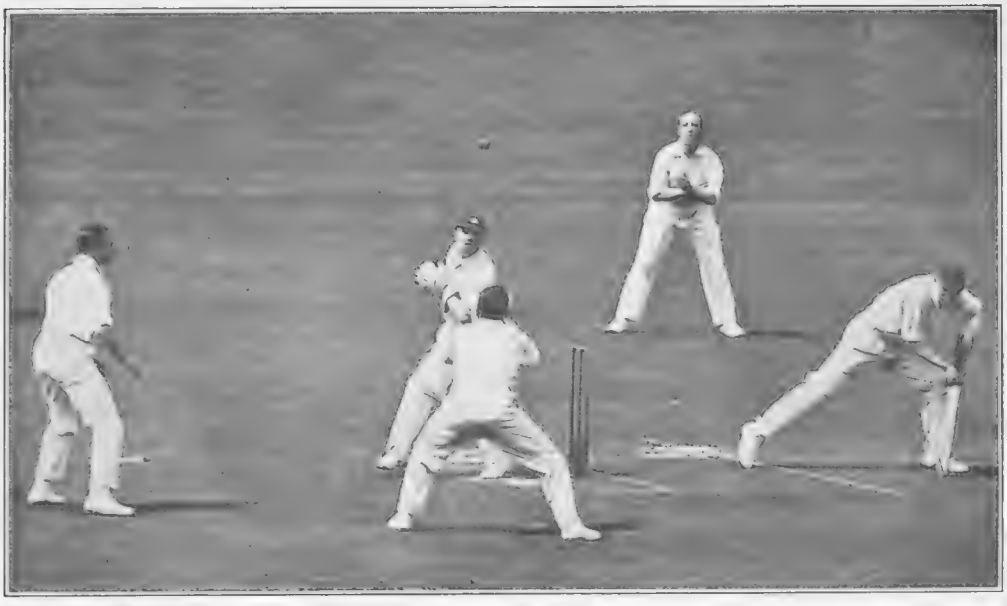
" Splendid, old man ! You're doing fine."

" I say," I said, much more croakily. " For God's sake take over the thing."

When we got down Harris was ready, all teed up for his turn. They got me out of the aeroplane and put him in. He went up and apparently did the same sort of things as I had done. When he came down he found me in the very excellent bar provided by Airwork at Heston. I think he needed it almost as badly as I did, but he was much braver than I was.

Afterwards, Harris found me in the bar, but, somehow or other, he got his breath back first

We made one of our chauffeurs laugh like Helen B. Merry



All Eyes on the Ball

The photograph shows Watson offering a catch, in the usual "needle" match between Yorkshire and Lancashire, which was not accepted by the Yorkshire field. The Yorkshire batting on this occasion was hardly worthy of a champion county and they were beaten by an innings

J. Navle, one of the All-India stalwarts, going out to bat. When acclimatised to our wet wickets the visitors should assuredly give a good account of themselves

Howard Marshall on CRICKET

The Possibilities of Oxford

FROM the cricketer's point of view, the Merry Month of May has been peculiarly depressing. We really have been under the weather—a most apt phrase—and the injuries to the incomparable George Gunn and Alan Melville, the Oxford captain, have added considerably to our vexations.

We shall soon begin to think that there is a curse on Oxford cricket. Last year's captain, D. N. Moore, was kept out of the 'Varsity match by illness, and now, after making a brilliant century against the Foresters, Melville has broken a collar-bone—an extraordinary accident.

IN the meanwhile, team-building at Oxford is disorganised, for not only is Melville out of action, but B. W. Hone and H. G. Owen-Smith are preparing to hit the examiners for six, and so will not be able to play regularly until the team goes on tour. W. O'B. Lindsay is another Old Blue with the menace of schools ahead, and it is a little difficult to see how the side will shape.

IT struck me as I watched the University playing Leicestershire, that Melville had unearthed one or two likely players. He has not yet discovered a fast bowler, though P. M. R. Scott, a left-hander, shows a certain amount of promise, and B. B. Waddy and H. J. Linnell have both been tried. It is rather disturbing, this lack of fast bowlers, but Oxford have an encouraging variety of medium-pace bowlers. Before his accident, Melville was sending down his slow spinners with greater confidence, though I suppose the chances are that he will now drop out of the attack against Cambridge.

THEN there is Owen-Smith, who mixes the leg-break and the googlie cleverly, and young E. A. Barlow, a freshman who headed both the bowling and batting averages at Shrewsbury last summer. Barlow is a most promising slow-medium bowler. He is a right-hander, and he makes the ball swing late and turn either way. More important still, he flights it intelligently, and keeps a steady length, however much he is hit. He is, indeed, remarkably mature, and he pegs away with the imperturbable persistence of a professional.

A. R. LEGARD, who did well for Winchester last year, is another likely medium-paced bowler. He also swings late, and he might be useful against Cambridge, if he will not allow himself to be too easily discouraged. Then there is R. J. H. Brooke, who bowls off-breaks round the wicket in the Durston manner, though hardly with Durston's command of length and spin.

BROOKE, in fact, will more probably be useful as an opening batsman. He has been a consistent run-getter for Bucks in the Minor Counties competition, and he followed up scores of 28 not out in each innings against Yorkshire with an admirable 76 against Leicestershire. His style makes for safety but he also hits the loose ball with commendable ferocity. He may give the Cambridge bowlers some unhappy overs.

WHETHER he will eventually open the innings for Oxford is not certain, and Melville is in something of a quandary about his opening pair. B. W. Hone, I understand, does not wish to go in No. 1 this summer, but prefers second wicket, and as Lindsay is a doubtful starter, there are two vacant places. Brooke may fill one of them, and van der Bijl the other, though van der Bijl's caution, excellent in its way, is apt to be excessive, and I have an idea that he might be more valuable lower in the batting order, where he would feel justified in opening his exceedingly powerful shoulders. Still, Melville is hard up for a No. 1, though he may persevere with E. N. Evans, a left-hander who has been rather out of luck.

I BELIEVE Melville had some idea of going in first wicket down himself, though my own impression is that he would be a better No. 4. He is a delightful player when he is set, but it takes him an over or two to see the ball properly, and he is therefore more certain to stay when the edge is off the bowling. If I might venture to suggest an order, it would be Brooke, van der Bijl or Lindsay, Hone, Melville, Chalk, and Owen-Smith. Hone has the solidity and the enterprise for an ideal first-wicket batsman; Melville can deal properly with an attack which is in the slightest degree discouraged; Chalk at his best is a beautiful player, and Owen-Smith we know to be a great batsman.

STILL, on the whole, I think the Oxford batting will be all right, and Barlow does at least give a shade of distinction to the bowling. As for the fielding, that is, with one exception, efficient enough, and P. C. Oldfield kept wicket brilliantly against Leicestershire. Altogether, Cambridge have reason to regard Oxford with considerable respect, though I'm certain they feel, as we all do, that Melville's injury is shocking bad luck.

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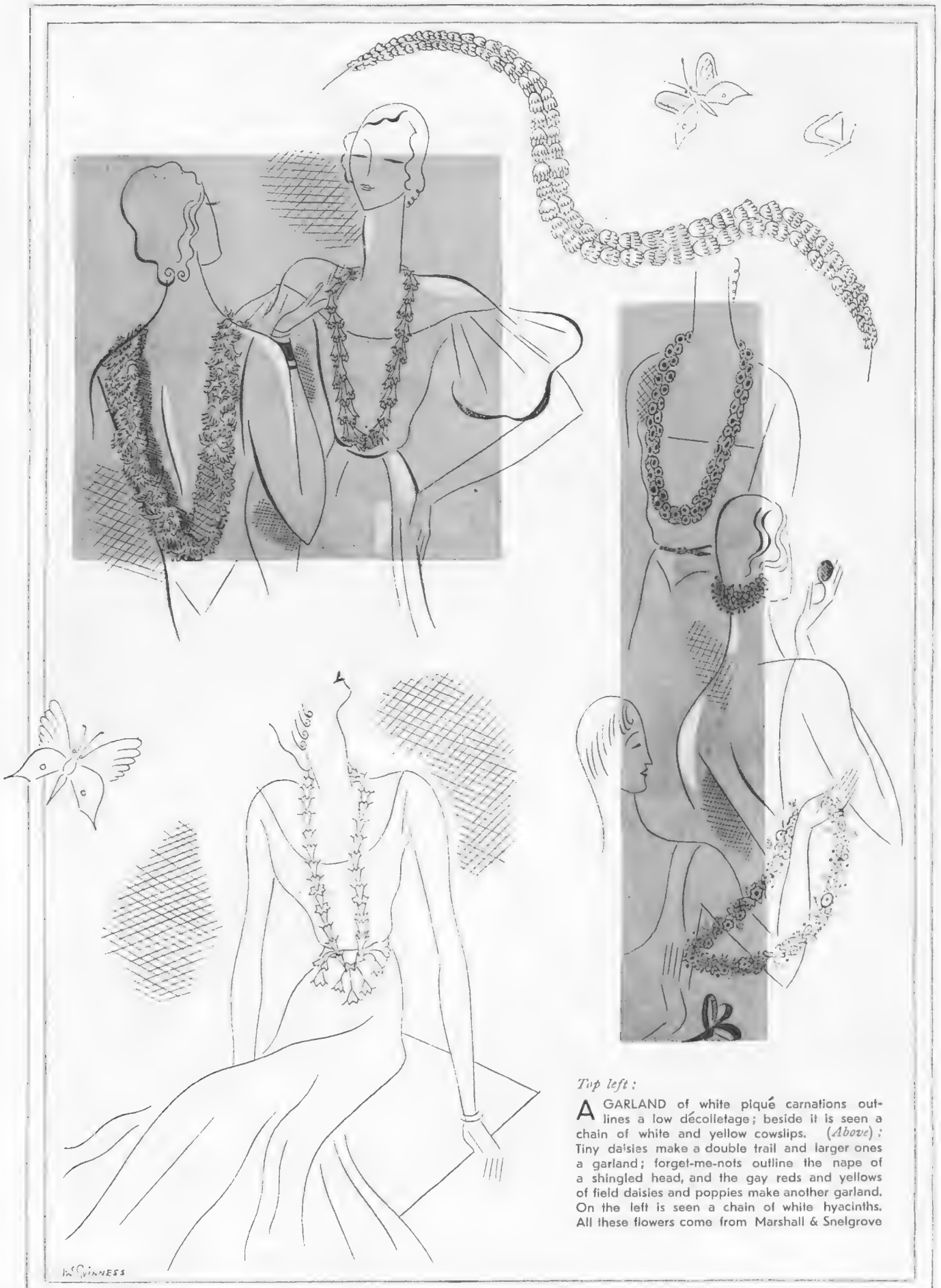
A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Horst, Paris

MADAME de Muñoz, who is a Russian by birth, is the wife of Don Alvaro de Muñoz, the First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Rome. Madame de Muñoz has an international reputation for good looks and chic which is more than justified by the accompanying photograph, where she is seen wearing a blue spotted chiffon gown from Mainbocher

Flower Garlands are Fashionable



Top left: A GARLAND of white piqué carnations outlines a low décolletage; beside it is seen a chain of white and yellow cowslips. (*Above*): Tiny daisies make a double trail and larger ones a garland; forget-me-nots outline the nape of a shingled head, and the gay reds and yellows of field daisies and poppies make another garland. On the left is seen a chain of white hyacinths. All these flowers come from Marshall & Snelgrove

Black Organdie and Ostrich Feathers

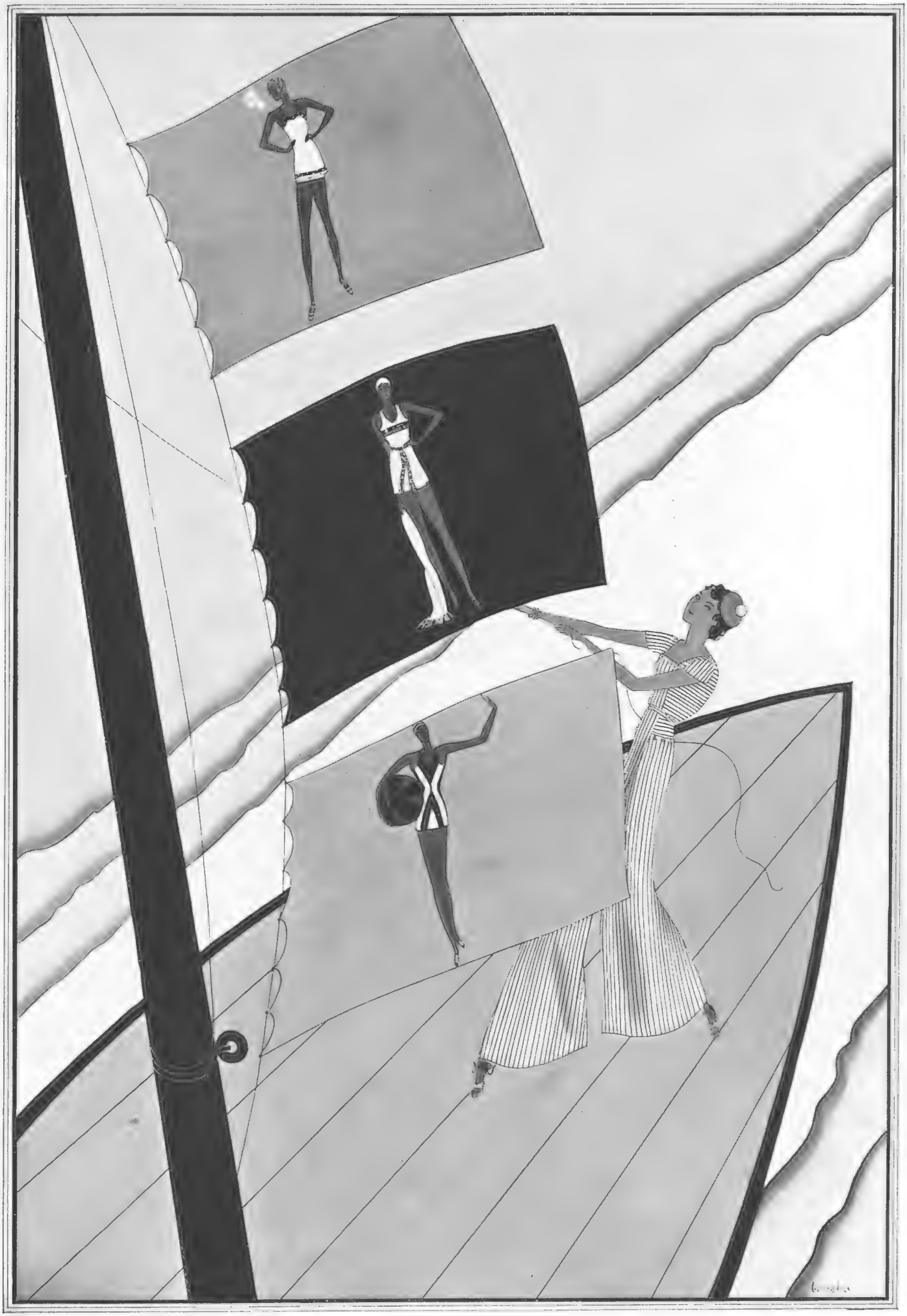
TWO British products are turned to good account by Chanel in the evening ensemble which Mrs. Ronald Balfour is wearing in the photograph on this page. The gown of black organdie has a flared skirt and a tight-fitting bodice fastened by a belt and several buttons, and with this is worn a long trail or boa of uncurled ostrich feathers

Mauray

Bathing Belles and Beach Accessories

THE gaiety and colourfulness of our beach attire fully explains the interest taken in this lady by the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea

This year's beach fashions are essentially practical, and our costumes very cleverly concentrate on cut, and allow our accessories to take care of the decoration. One-piece woollen suits are to be found in every colour and combination of colour, and three excellent examples of the use of good design and really studied cut are illustrated on the opposite page. On the topsail is sketched a white suit, bordered with red and white dots, from Harvey Nichols; on the centre sail is a gay two-piece from Marshall and Snelgrove, carried out in blue, yellow and red wool, with a sash in which all three of these colours figure; on the lowest sail is shown an ingeniously designed suit in black and white wool, from Woollands, whose converging lines would make any figure look alluringly slim. To accompany suits of this description one may choose either slacks or a wrap-over skirt of navy or scarlet jersey, and these, together with matching short jackets, quickly turn a bathing costume into the smartest of beach suits. Pyjamas are far simpler than they were, and this year some of the most effective are carried out in cotton materials. Pink-and-white, or blue-and-white striped zephyr makes the charming suit of the lady engaged in hauling up the sails on the opposite page. This comes from Debenhams, and a tiny matching bolero of shantung may be obtained to accompany it. Beach wraps are often of a contrasting colour, or are made of terry cloth in the largest and most daring of patterns. Wide stripes are particularly smart, and should match some detail of the costume, such as shoes or cap. These one-time horrors of red, shapeless rubber have now become decorative details worthy of the most sophisticated wardrobe. On the left of this page is sketched a cap and shoes from Harvey Nichols, carried out in red, blue, and yellow stripes, which, allied to a plain suit of any of these colours, would make a smart swimmer of the dowdiest landlubber. Below, on the right, is a cap from Debenhams made of a new kind of rubber which has a crinkled surface, similar to materials now being used for our evening gowns, sprinkled with confetti of every colour and size. To wear with this are three bracelets of crocheted wool in red, blue, and white. Cork shoes, with wooden slats for soles, preclude any of those painful moments spent in trying to walk gracefully and comfortably on a surface peppered with pebbles of the most penetrating variety, and those sketched on the left, which come from Debenhams, have white crocheted bands through which the toes are slipped, and are securely held in place by black linen heel-pieces laced in front.



The May Ball Dinner-Dance

Late Victorians and Neo-Georgians forgather for dancing at Claridge's in aid of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare

Lady Graham-Little, the Chairman of the Young People's Committee, and the Egyptian Minister Plenipotentiary

Above: Two of the guests at the May Ball. They are Mr. Michael Harraway and Miss de Burgh Whyte

Mrs. Graeme Ogden snapped on her arrival at Claridge's for the May Ball

Left: Mr. F. E. Beresford, the well-known artist, and Miss Ivy Tresmand, the popular actress, seen at Claridge's enjoying a strictly Victorian joke

Photographs *Sasha*

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore and Mr. Gerald Jenkins were among the many people who donned Victorian costume before attending the May Ball at Claridge's

Miss Audrey Cottam with Mr. Alexis Anderson, who appears to have been lucky in securing a collection of souvenirs

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

MAY, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

21st **Polo.** Whitney Cup Final (Hurlingham). Buenos Aires Cup Final (Ranelagh).
Racing. Manchester, Lingfield Park and Phœnix Park Meetings
Cricket. M.C.C. v. All India (Lords). Cambridge U. v. Middlesex (Cambridge).

23rd **Golf.** Amateur Championship begins (Muirfield).
Polo. Roehampton Open Challenge Cup; Junior Colts' Cup (Ranelagh).
Racing. Hamilton Park and Kilbeggan Meetings. Colwall Park Steeplechases.
Tennis. Northern Tournament, Manchester. Open Tournament, Malvern.
Cricket. M.C.C. v. All India (Lords). Cambridge U. v. Middlesex (Cambridge)

24th EMPIRE DAY.
Racing. York, Bath and Curragh Meetings.
Yachting. Yachting Week opens, Southend-on-Sea
Cricket. M.C.C. v All India (Lords). Cambridge U. v. Middlesex (Cambridge).

25th **Shows.** Chelsea Flower S opens. Shropshire and W Midlands Agric. Soc. Royal Ulster Agric. Soc. (Belfast) Bath and W and Southern Counties (Yeovil).
Racing. York & Bath Mtgs. Irish 2,000 Gns. (Curragh).
Golf. Open Tournament, Elie, Scotland.

25th cont **Cricket.** Hants. v All India (Southampton). Cambridge U. v. Notts. (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Glos. (Oxford).

26th **Show.** Royal Tournament, Olympia, opens.
Racing. York, Salisbury and Curragh Meetings
Cricket. Hants. v. All India (Southampton). Cambridge U. v. Notts. (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Glos. (Oxford).

27th **Racing.** Salisbury, Doncaster and Ayr Meetings.
Cricket. Hants. v. All India (Southampton). Cambridge U. v. Notts. (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Glos. (Oxford).

28th **Polo.** Roehampton Open Chall. Cup Final. Young Cup begins. Junior Colts' Cup Final (Ranelagh).
Racing. Windsor, Doncaster, Ayr and Naas Mtgs.
Cricket. Essex v. All India (Leyton). Middx. v. Notts. (Lords).

30th **Golf.** Ladies' Open Championship (Saunton) begins.
Polo. Roehampton Handicap Cup begins. Ranelagh Open Cup.
Cricket. Essex v. All India (Leyton). Middx. v. Notts (Lords).

31st **Racing.** Epsom Meeting.
Cricket. Essex v. All India (Leyton). Middx. v. Notts. (Lords).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Books of the Day

Velvet, Vinegar and Wit: By "Junius"

Lieut.-Colonel Norman Thwaites could not have chosen a happier title than *Velvet and Vinegar* (Grayson and Grayson; 18*s.*) for his reminiscences. It describes exactly his varied and interesting career. Few Englishmen have his wide knowledge of Germany and America. He was sent to Germany for his earlier education, and for twelve years was secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, the famous blind proprietor of *The New York World*. He fought in the Boer War, and was badly wounded at the first battle of Ypres.

This wound actually enabled him to be of far greater service to his country than if he had remained in the Army. He was sent to America as head of the British Mission, and did splendid work in combating the effects of German propaganda. Until now we have had no account of the ramifications of this propaganda, which included the spending of thousands of pounds in newspaper advertisement and the employment of spies. Some of his stories would make excellent plots for a thriller. Whilst he was Director of the Mission, the Prince of Wales paid his visit to New York in 1919, and Colonel Thwaites was made responsible for his safety. This is a most interesting chapter, and it disproves emphatically the opinion one hears so frequently expressed, that the Prince does not write his own speeches.

At an afternoon dance at Mrs. Leiter's, at Washington, the Prince asked a young girl from the South to dance with him. "I don't know how to behave with Royalty," she said, "so please don't think me rude if I am just myself."

Part of Colonel Thwaites's duty was to round up "fake heroes," Englishmen wearing khaki and posing as war-heroes, and sporting decorations to which they had no right. One or two wore the V.C. One man had four wives in different States. This was Ronald True. His legal wife forgave him, and they were sent to England with their child, with the result that True is now in Broadmoor.

This is a book you should not miss. Written with ease, an inside knowledge of events, and a keen sense of humour, I have found it far more thrilling and exciting than many "thrillers."

Here is a happy epigram. One day Pulitzer asked, "What is a chaperone?" "A social instrument to defeat the ends of nature," said Colonel Thwaites.

I am sorry to have to express keen disappointment with Miss Daphne du Maurier's second novel, *I'll Never be Young Again* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Her first book, *The Loving Spirit*, had a grip on life and a width of vision which led one, on opening its successor, to expect yet another expression of her undoubted power. But one cannot work up a particle of response to her central character, Richard.

He is a morbid, self-absorbed youth who runs away from home because his father and mother—the one a great poet and the other entirely wrapped up in her husband—do not understand him.

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Daphne du Maurier

Whose new book, "I'll Never Be Young Again," has just been published and is reviewed by "Junius" on this page

He is prevented from committing suicide by the philosophical Jake, who has done time for manslaughter, and goes off with him to Norway. Jake, a well-drawn character, is drowned, and Richard drifts to Paris, where he writes a book and a play. There he makes a music-student his mistress, and is practically responsible for her going upon the streets. Book and play are dismal failures. Richard's father dies, and he returns to London and goes into a bank.

Miss du Maurier essayed a supremely difficult task when she set out to write her story as if it were written by Richard. There is something feminine in his unceasing introspection. You feel that the author herself was conscious of this and has scattered her pages with the ugly adjective "bloody" in order to give a more virile note. The conversations are natural and pointed, and the descriptions of Norway and the sea voyages excellently done, but, judging between the two books, I should say Miss du Maurier needs a large canvas for the play of her imagination.

Mr. Burton Hewitt has so great a surprise for his readers at the end of *Affinity* (Mills and Boon; 7*s.* 6*d.*), that it would be unfair to him even to give a faint indication of the solution of a most original story. Here you have romance in a new setting. Edna Troy, left an orphan and penniless, comes to live with her uncle, Julian Challis—an immensely rich bachelor absorbed in his business—in Portland Place. This is the first time they have met. Whilst arranging everything on the most lavish scale for his niece's comfort, Challis has no intention of allowing her presence in the house to disturb or change his way of life. Edna quickly routs his determination still to dine alone, and, one by one, gradually breaks down all his barriers. As you follow her attacks and Challis's gradual weakening, you wonder what the end can possibly be. And when your wonder is at its highest, Mr. Hewitt, as I have said, springs his surprise, so cleverly kept secret until the crucial moment that you positively gasp.

"But I thought Peter was the perfect husband?" "I know. Peter's sweet. But always at the wrong times. Rude in restaurants and tender in taxis. One gets so sick of both."

Thus Myrtle Armstrong summed up the husband from whom she was eloping in *Public Affaires* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Barbara Worsley-Gough, a young author who makes her first bow with a book that thoroughly deserves that much-abused word, "witty." The merely amusing so often passes for wit. Real wit does not raise shouts of laughter. It gives a pleasant mental chuckling. And from the opening sentence—telling of Peter Armstrong throwing his boots into the sea because his wife has eloped with Martin Test, a man-dressmaker—until the last page, when Nigel Doom-Yates—whom she eventually marries—when she tells him she is going to have a baby, apologises on the telephone for putting her to "such inconvenience," the book is one such mental chuckle.

To attempt to tell you the story would be like trying to catch gossamer without breaking it. But its wittiest stroke of all is Nigel and Myrtle spending the first days of their elopement at a Scottish castle belonging to his aunt, the old Duchess, who gets £500 a week for remaining on as hostess to the wealthy Hungarian Jew who has rented it, and his friends. A joyous book this!

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POUR LE SOIR

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POUR LE MATIN POUR L'APRES-MIDI
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Each of these six distinct perfumes can be obtained separately in standard sizes.

HOUBIGANT

Special "Bystander" Flying Section

Seeing the World from the Air

Flying is cheap and practical: Where to learn and what to buy

By Captain C. E. Ward

One of Imperial Airways' liners flying over Croydon, showing the Air-port buildings and the hotel in the foreground. Built by Handley-Page, machines of this type are used on the Continental services and on that from Palestine and Egypt to India

The Freedom of the Air

THAT man or woman should fly is no longer regarded as a departure from the normal, and therefore aeroplanes, air-lines, and air-ports have become things of general public interest. Flying has lost some of its purely sensational appeal, but has gained the interest of many who take their pleasures more soberly, and of others who regard air transport as a business proposition. Having captured the imagination of the whole world, flying enthusiasts have settled down to the job of making practical aeroplanes which can be handled with safety by anyone. Pilots of all ages, from fifteen to sixty-five, have been trained to fly, and women, more than two hundred of whom have gained Royal Aero Club pilots' licences, have proved themselves no less successful than men in an art which requires little more than good eyesight and reasonably alert senses for its accomplishment. Although straight flying is not a thrill in itself, most people find, for one reason or another, that flying is exhilarating. There is no doubt that an unlimited horizon, the lack of speed restriction, the absence of smoke and dust—all differing factors which contribute to the "freedom of the air"—have a powerful psychological effect, attracting first of all those who are bold and enterprising and, more recently, some of the great majority who dislike pioneering and will always wait until a thing is practical and safe.

Mr. Antony Milburn, on the left, with Capt. L. Hope and Capt. Birkett, the well-known air-taxi pilots. Mr. Milburn gained his pilot's certificate after four-and-a-half hours' instruction, completed in one day

"Popular Flying" Group-Capt. R. J. F. Barton, O.B.E., Commandant of the International Flying School at Hamble, known as "Air Services Training." The school specialises in complete courses of instruction on land- and sea-'planes, with, of course, all the necessary ground subjects included

Flying Becomes Popular

SINCE the beginning of 1928, when we published our first Aviation Number, flying has become cheaper and more useful to the average person, which accounts for the growth in the number of Clubs and the popularity of air travel both with private owners and with the general public in search of health or trade on the Imperial and Continental routes. Year by year, the appeal of the air widens. The car-owners of to-day will become the light-aeroplane-owners of to-morrow, but with this difference: that the average week-end mileage will total 1000 instead of 100, bringing within normal range places and peoples at present reserved for those with leisure or possible to the others only during a holiday of some weeks' duration.

Facilities Near London

THE air way of travelling is open to two classes—the private owners, who can visit any place where an aerodrome is established or an emergency alighting ground can be found, and the rest, who

"Kissing the Clouds Good Morning"

Up-to-date theme song now being hummed by machines of the Airwork School of Flying. Because we have built a hotel on the Aerodrome — a "Dormy" hotel with eight really comfortable bedrooms, each with a bath room. Efficient service and cuisine. A restaurant and a bar downstairs. 25 minutes from your London office or the theatre. And only one hour to the Continent! Hayes 410 for rooms and lessons.

HESTON AIRPORT | DORMY HOTEL

Everything for private flying — customs, wireless weather bureau, carnets, A.A. maps, flying equipment, repair shops, lock-up hangars. Flying instruction, which includes free navigation course, costs £4-4-0 an hour. AND (coming shortly) Airwork Engine Service Limited for supremely good repairs and overhauls.

Continued from page 386.

buy a ticket at a travel bureau for Paris, Cairo, Rangoon, or Timbuctoo. It is possible, by private charter or air taxi, to visit almost any place off the track of regular air routes, but this method is expensive, and used only by rich people or in cases of real necessity. To get acquainted with flying, there are so many schools and clubs in the country that few people can be more than a short drive by car from the nearest centre where instruction can be obtained at moderate cost and arrangements made for the purchase of a light 'plane. Around London there are six main aerodromes: Hatfield to the north, where the de Havilland School is situated; Stag Lane, home of the "Moth" and the London Club; Heston, the private owners' air-port on the Great West Road; Hanworth Park, the headquarters of National Flying Services, and a country club in itself; Brooklands, one of the places where flying was born; and Croydon, though the latter will be closed for everything except commercial traffic in August.

Clubs and Schools Further Afield

In the country, there are members' clubs at Folkestone, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham, Norwich, Liverpool, Leicester, Woodford (near Manchester), Northampton, Newcastle, and Glasgow, a full list with the schools being published elsewhere in this issue. Hamble, the privately-owned aerodrome near Southampton, besides housing the Hampshire Club and the works of Messrs. A. V. Roe, pioneer aircraft constructors, is also the headquarters of an international flying school known as Air Services Training. Here every form of flying is taught, on land-'planes and sea-'planes, from the elementary stage to advanced aerobatics and navigation, including also all the ground subjects for professional pilots. The British system of flying instruction is considered the finest in the world, and for this reason, many foreign students are to be found at Hamble. Other schools out of the London area are at Reading—where Messrs. Phillips and Powis maintain a service station as well as an aerodrome—at Brough, East Yorks, for Blackburn land- and sea-'planes, and at Bristol. Ground engineers and pilots taking up aviation as a career can train in Chelsea with the School of Aeronautical Engineering and at Stag Lane with de Havillands.

Three well-known instructors at Hatfield. From left to right: Fl.-Lt. G. M. Cox; Fl.-Lt. R. W. Reeve, D.F.C., M.M., Chief Instructor, and Mr. C. A. Pike. Hatfield Aerodrome belongs to de Havillands, Moths being used, of course, for all training

"Popular Flying"

Learning to Fly in One Day

The main difference between learning to fly at a members' club or at a school is in the time required to qualify as a pilot. The clubs charge a

Prince Jean Ghica at Karachi Air-port with the King of Roumania's machine, in which he made a record flight from Indo-China to Bucharest

"Aeroplane"

Left: A Blackburn "Bluebird" belonging to the North Sea Aerial School at Brough, with Herr Karl Winkler on the left, Capt. Norman Blackburn in the centre, and Herr Kurt Breugmann. "Bluebird" machines are sold throughout the world by Auto Auctions

Below: The control tower at Heston, showing a "Chance" floodlight in position for night flying, with a number of private machines on the tarmac. Heston is an air-port with Customs facilities, and is used by private owners when clearing to and from the Continent. Messrs. Brian Lewis, agents for the Moth and the Comper Swift, and other agents, have their flying headquarters and show-rooms at Heston

Summer Shell petrol is specially blended to
give the best results under Summer conditions

this one was...
he was "Sure of Shell"

This poor chap
wasn't sure of his petrol but...

Seeing the World from the Air (*continued*)

small annual subscription with a low rate per flying hour by virtue of receiving a Government subsidy, whereas the schools teach flying in the shortest possible time consistent with safety, but at a slightly higher charge. At many schools, such as those at Heston, Hatfield, Brooklands, and Reading, there are club-houses, so that the two tend to merge. Club subscriptions vary from three to five guineas per annum, and training costs from thirty shillings to three pounds an hour, so that one can learn to fly for as little as £20 or as much as £60, depending on individual aptitude and on whether there are long gaps between periods in the air, which must entail a greater number of hours under the instructor's eye. Only a week or so ago, a man learnt to fly in one day, with 4½ hours' training; but David Garnett, author of *A Rabbit in the Air*, has told the story of his 28 hours in the pupil's seat during a period of nearly two years. There are many social and other advantages to be gained by joining a flying club, as is the case with similar clubs formed by those keen on golf, tennis, yachting, or any other form of sport. Club members who are pilots but cannot afford their own machines, can hire those belonging to the club at a reasonable charge, and private owners can get aerodrome, hangar and maintenance service, advanced training, advice on touring, and many other facilities at a cheap rate.

Mr. P. de W. Avery with his Comper Swift entered for the King's Cup race. Standing with him are Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Powis, the former managing director of Phillips & Powis

Wanted! More Aerodromes

THE aerodrome is the focus around which all flying activities are grouped, and it follows, therefore, that many more aerodromes must be available before flying becomes of maximum use both for private travel and public transport. Much progress has been made during the last few years towards this end, and there are now some 200 aerodromes of all types in the country. These range from fully equipped air-ports, such as those at Croydon and Lympne, maintained by the Government; at Manchester, Blackpool, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Bristol, the latter a Customs air-port, run by the municipalities; at Heston, Brooklands, and Reading by private enterprise, down to the merest landing-ground, available for light 'planes only and kept clear of obstructions by the owners, who may be garage proprietors, inn-keepers, or air-minded farmers.

Buying a 'Plane

BEFORE buying a machine, most people consult their instructor, but the technical Press gives details of performances and price for every new light 'plane as it appears on the market, and a choice is usually a personal matter, governed by the amount of cash available for purchase and upkeep. Machines suitable for the private owner vary in price from £250 for a second-hand two-seater Moth to £1500, or thereabouts, for the new Monospar, which will be on sale in a few weeks' time. By far the best plan is to place oneself in the hands of a reputable agent, who will be able to compare values, arrange hire-purchase terms if these are desired, debate the important matter of insurance with the B.A.I.G., and even teach you to fly if you have neglected this precaution, as Mrs. Victor Bruce did before arranging her flight round the world by "Bluebird." Messrs. Brian Lewis, in conjunction with Selfridges, handle the Moth and the Comper Swift; Messrs. Henlys, who teach customers to fly free of charge, the Avian and the Spartan; Auto Auctions the "Bluebird"; Brooklands Aviation and Phillips and Powis the Moth for other districts. All the light 'planes on the market can be considered safe and reliable, because no machine need be bought without a Government certificate of airworthiness, a guarantee as to suitability of type, and, in the case of a second-hand machine, its history since it was first used.

"*The Aeroplane.*"

Mr. Brian Allen, Manager and Chief Pilot of Henlys, with Mr. Hanstock at Heston. Henlys market the Avian light 'plane, and have recently taken over the concession for Spartan aircraft also

A corner of the lounge at the headquarters of the Wiltshire School of Flying, which has been established at High Post Aerodrome, near Salisbury, and is one of the most successful of the younger private flying centres

The British Family Moth

OF the de Havilland Moth, the original touring 'plane for two people, it is difficult to write anything new, for its excellent performance, low

(*Continued on page 400*)

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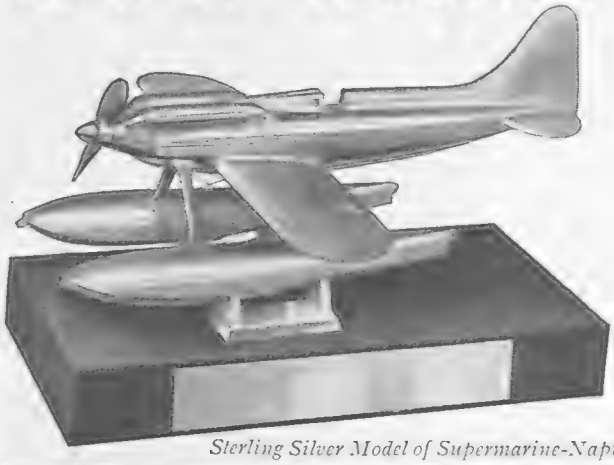

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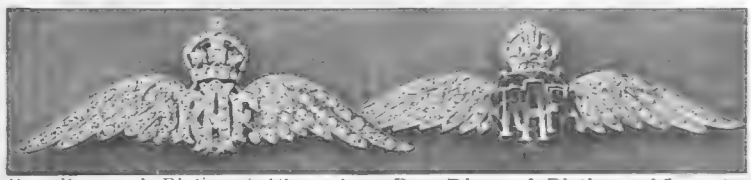
18 carat and 15 carat gold and enamel brooch £4.7.6

Rose Diamond, Platinum, 15 carat gold and enamel brooch, £11.0.0



Rose Diamond, Platinum, 18 carat gold and enamel brooch, £27.10.0

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18 carat gold and enamel brooch, £2.17.6

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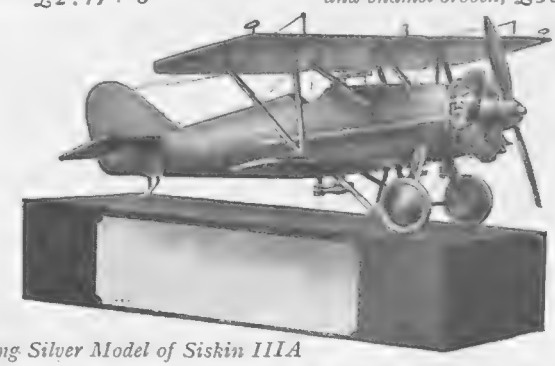

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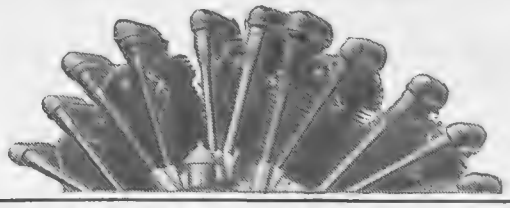

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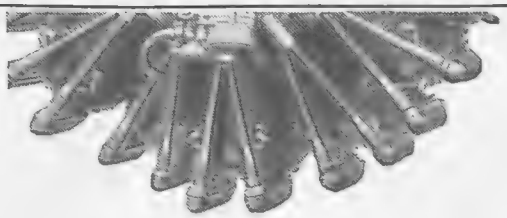

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The history of aviation is the story of man's struggle with the elements.

The first step was to fly at all; the second to fly fast; the third to combine these two with safety.

The struggle continues, with man ever in the ascendant, gaining fresh impetus from each momentary setback.

Meanwhile the British Aviation Insurance Company Ltd., the only organisation in the world which combines the experience and service of leading British Tariff Offices and of Lloyd's Underwriters, stands behind him in his struggle.

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GLOVERSAD

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Flying—Then and Now
1903 — 1932

Mr. Grahame-White's "Charabanc" at Hendon in 1913, during the "Wake-Up, England!" campaign. This machine, with a Green engine of 100-h.p., lifted twelve people into the air—quite an amazing performance in the very early days of aviation

"Flight"

"Flight"

Mr. Claude Grahame-White, on the left of the group, in which the late Sir Thomas Lipton is on the right. This picture was taken during the Bournemouth Flying Meeting in 1910, which excited tremendous interest at the time

By Claude Grahame-White

Mrs. J. G. Weir piloted this Autogiro solo after thirty-five minutes' instruction. The Autogiro is the most successful type of unorthodox machine which has yet been flown, and is being sold in considerable numbers for private use, as well as for experimental work on military and naval reconnaissance, for which it seems well suited

TO review, even quite briefly, the progress which aviation has made in just under thirty years is to turn one of the most remarkable of all the pages of modern history. Take, for example, as a contrast, the aeroplanes of 1903, 1909, and 1932. The first Wright aeroplane of 1903, driven by a 12-horse-power engine, would only lift one man, its pilot, a few feet from the ground; while the 25-horse-power monoplane in which Bleriot accomplished the first cross-Channel flight, in 1909, also carried but one occupant, attaining a speed of under 40 miles per hour. To-day we have British air-liners with four engines, developing a total of 2200 horse-power, and accommodating as many as 42 people—38 passengers and a crew of 4—in addition to baggage, mails, and freight. In such splendid liners of the air the saloons are as large and sumptuously equipped as those of a railway Pullman-car. Uniformed stewards serve breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and dinners from the perfectly equipped buffets; while the noise from the motors, even when flying at more than 100 miles an hour, is no greater than that heard by the passengers in an express train, although I am convinced there is still room for vast improvement, and that this matter of noise will eventually be eliminated, as it has been in the modern motor-car.

Air-liners on a far larger scale are now being designed and built, and the date is not far distant when the well-known London-Paris luxury rail-and-boat service known as the "Golden Arrow" will be rivalled by an air service of equal luxury by which hundreds of passengers will travel every day.

TRULY it is wonderful, from our viewpoint to-day, to look back upon the early history of flying, and when my thoughts rove the past I am reminded that twenty-two years have now elapsed since the interest of the world was aroused by that first cross-country race by aeroplane, in which I competed against Louis Paulhan, one of the pioneer champions of France. That contest, between London and Manchester, was certainly a remarkable milestone in aerial history, and though Paulhan won, being by far the more experienced airman at that time, I had the satisfaction of proving that a British pilot could acquit himself with credit in the international field of aviation.

Incidentally, it was during that contest that I made the first night flight ever made by aeroplane, before any navigation instruments or landing lights had been produced.

It was those pioneer flights between London and Manchester, following as they did upon Bleriot's first flight across the Channel, which stirred people's imagination and forced them to realise that the aeroplane was destined to play a vital part in modern life, affording a means of transport infinitely more rapid than the fastest ships, cars, or trains.

WHEN, nowadays, I go out to modern flying schools, with their dual-control machines, skilled instructors, and wireless telephone communication between pupils in the air and instructors on the ground, my thoughts go back to a November morning, away back in 1909, when, without previous tuition of any kind, and without any instructor, I left the ground at Issy, near Paris, after only a few minutes' preliminary taxi-ing, and made my first short straight flight in what was then the fastest and most powerful aircraft of its day—a 60-horse-power Bleriot monoplane capable of a speed of about 60 miles an hour.

An adventure it was to learn to fly in those days, and aerodromes were strewn with the wreckage of crashed machines. To-day, as further evidence of progress, flying instruction has become a science, and pupils are trained till they are proficient, without difficulty or risk and at a very moderate cost.

THE history of flying, when one examines it in detail, falls into three main phases. The first phase, in the pre-war period, was purely experimental, and produced an accumulation of valuable data. Then came the war, with its immense stimulus to design, construction, and pilotage, backed by unlimited finance; while, since the war, as a third phase, the art of flying has been devoted to peaceful rather than to naval and military ends, and we are now witnessing constant improvements in the construction and equipment of commercial and pleasure aircraft.

The modern airway, for example, after just over twelve years of operation, invoking every aid science can offer, has now reached the stage when it operates in all kinds of weather on an all-the-year-round basis, with time-table punctuality.

AN immense future lies before the commercial flying machine. Air loads are increasing; the organisation of long routes is being developed energetically; while many improvements are being effected in design, and I confidently anticipate that our rising

(Continued on page ii)

The Auxiliary Air Force

By "The Skywayman"

Officers of the Auxiliary Air Force in camp at Lympne. Reading from left to right, the second is Flying-Officer A. C. Jackaman; the seventh to the tenth, Sq.-Ldr. S. B. Collett, who commands No. 600 Squadron, Fl.-Lt. H. N. Thornton, Fl.-Lt. J. J. Parkes, and Flying-Officer Rupert Belville; the fifteenth, holding a paper, Flying-Officer Loel Guinness, M.P., and next to him, Fl.-Lt. R. G. Shaw, D.F.C.

"The Aeroplane"

Using a Moth as a diving-board: Pupils at the De Havilland Flying School, Hatfield, are able to enjoy a plunge in the portable swimming-pool, which is a great attraction at many of our aerodromes during the summer

IT may well be that when the social history of our time comes to be written, no writer will consider his survey complete without a careful reference to the Auxiliary Air Force. He may leave to others the discussion of the part which these civilian squadrons began to play in the air defence of Great Britain, and the consequent saving to the taxpayer. Rather will he record the change which slowly became apparent in the week-end habits of a large number of young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. For it is during the daylight hours of Saturday and Sunday throughout the year that members of the Auxiliary Air Force carry out the greater proportion of their flying and general Service training.

It is a common belief that the A.A.F. is either a special form of flying club, or an organisation on all fours with the Territorial Army. Actually, whilst the terms are similar to those laid down for the Territorial Army, the Auxiliary Squadrons are for their members a focus both for serious Service life, and for a corporate social life amongst themselves. The civilian population has always been alive to its responsibility for helping to provide its own defence by land and sea, and the Territorial Army and the R.N.V.R. have for many years been taken for granted. But the Air Force is the Cinderella of the Services, and the public has been slow to recognise her claim to a glass slipper in the form of an efficient militia of air defenders.

IN 1926, two skeleton squadrons at Hendon, equipped with Avros and de Havilland 9a's, were the only visible evidence of a permanent volunteer Air Defence establishment. To-day, eight squadrons, each with a strong Service tradition, and a Territorial basis, are the reward of the work and faith of the pioneers. The Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, at one time Secretary of State for Air, commanded No. 600 squadron, one of the first A.A.F. squadrons to be formed. The late Lord Edward Grosvenor, was the C.O. of No. 601 squadron, and he was succeeded by the Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Sassoon, the present Under-Secretary of State for Air, and Vice-President of the Air Council, and not even they believed that in so short a space of time the A.A.F. could have proved so successful both with the public and the politicians.

The inestimable advantage of cheapness has contributed to this success; an A.A.F. squadron costs little more than half the sum necessary for a regular unit. As regards training, pay, and equipment, officers sign on for a period of five years, and contract to do twelve hours, flying a year, attend a fortnight's Annual Camp, and put in ten evening parades at Town Headquarters in twelve months. This is fixed as the standard training, but most pilots far exceed their required minimum, and do more than 100 hours' flying a year. The Air Ministry makes an adequate grant for uniform and mess kit on gazettement, and full R.A.F. pay and allowances are paid during camp. In addition, officers receive pay for periodic flying up to a limited number of hours spent in the air. Officers and men wear full R.A.F. Service uniform for all flying parades.

A party at the Oxford University Air Squadron Dance, showing, from left to right, Mr. Luard, Miss V. Richmond, Mr. Wright, Miss F. Mallet, Mr. Higginbottam, Miss S. Tucker, and Mr. Dix

THE standard machine at present in use is the Westland "Wapiti," with a Jupiter VI. engine. This is a two-seater day bomber equipped for general duties, such as photography, wireless, fighting, etc. These general duties have ranged recently from the relief of the civil population of Kabul and the bombing of turbulent tribesmen, to the conveyance of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald from London to Lossiemouth. That these 115-m.p.h. machines may shortly be succeeded by 150-m.p.h. Hawker "Harts," is a very popular suggestion with all pilots.

Of the men, a nucleus of 30 are full-time members of the R.A.F., the remaining 150 being drawn from all ranks of civil life. Very few possess any mechanical knowledge before enlistment, but the enthusiasm and regularity with which these

(*Continued on page ii*)

LEARN TO FLY.... FREE!

One feature of Henlys' unique service at Heston is that they teach you to fly free, if you are interested in the purchase of a machine from them.

And, being Sole Distributors for Avian and Spartan Aircraft, they are able to offer you the finest machines obtainable, and will take your 'plane or car in exchange. In addition, they have a number of guaranteed used aeroplanes at exceptionally attractive prices.

Payment terms arranged to suit your convenience. Demonstrations anywhere. Distance no object.

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G. 1378

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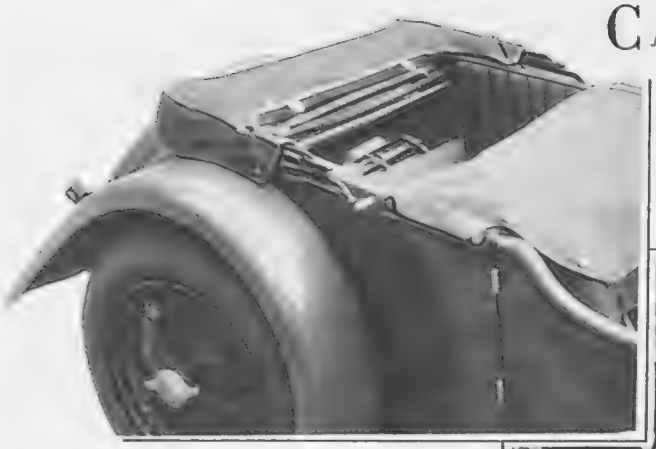
CARS with a Personality:

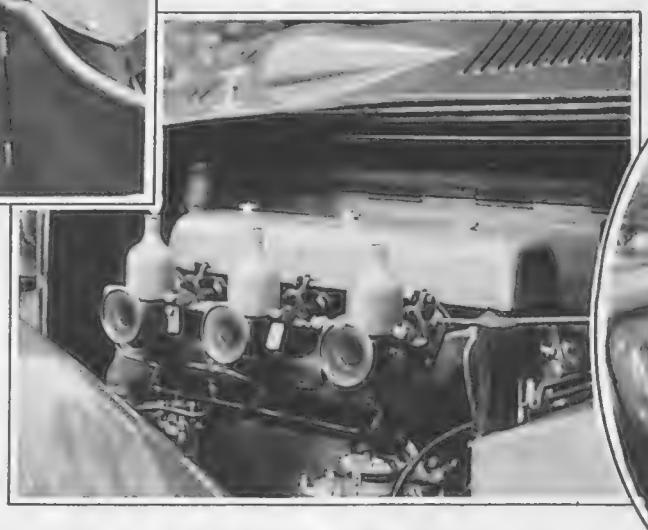
No. 4. A Newcomer of Note

Alvis "Speed Twenty"

By The Earl of Cardigan



A commodious tool-box is fitted behind the cushions of the back seat. The rear compartment provides quite ample leg-room, and can be neatly covered in when not in use



Under the bonnet, the three carburettors form a fine array, and no doubt play their part in ensuring exceptional liveliness and flexibility

The instrument panel is neat and well arranged. The position of the steering wheel is ideal for fast driving, and the lay-out of the controls has been admirably planned

I SOMETIMES wonder whether other motorists feel as I do on the subject of motoring traditions. Do they like to see well-founded reputations—for high speed, for great luxury, for exceptional refinement—maintained and augmented from year to year? If they do, they will like the new "Speed Twenty," which so well supports the Alvis tradition.

Ever since I first took an interest in such matters, with the exception of one more or less experimental chassis, Alvis cars have been noted for combining docility with a convincing turn of speed, and these two qualities can seldom have been more skilfully combined than in the new model which I have just been testing.

The appearance of the open touring car is, in a way, characteristic. The "lines" of the coachwork are sporting, but not "flashy" or exaggerated. The seating is compact, but comfort has not been sacrificed.

Similarly, although the chassis is capable of an honest 90 m.p.h.—or 100 m.p.h. with a little "tuning"—there is never the slightest difficulty in handling it in traffic. The flexibility in top gear is, little short of amazing, and the driver will find himself using his gear-box, not because he has to, but because he wishes to.

Third gear is an excellent ratio, being high enough to be really useful on the open road, and yet low enough to do nearly all the work that is entailed by modern traffic. It gives a maximum speed of 70 m.p.h., and is, in common with all th in- direct ratios, paricularly easy to engage. I found myself making effortless gear changes at 50 m.p.h. or so.

The engine, apart from its three carburettors, is of very straightforward design. It indulges in fairly high "revs." in order to attain its maximum speed and power output, but it is extremely smooth in operation, and can turn over at 3000-4000 r.p.m. without giving any suggestion of undue exertion.

I was most unfortunate in picking one of the wettest days of the year for my test run, so that maximum speed and acceleration could not well be employed. On the other hand, I was able to satisfy myself that the car sits down well upon the road, and can be braked confidently and steered accurately even under the most trying conditions. In the one small skid which I experienced, the Alvis behaved like a perfect lady.

The imposing front view of the Alvis "Speed Twenty" gives a good and truthful impression of vigorous power

The "Speed Twenty" has particularly pleasing lines, the general effect being distinctly "sporting," yet not exaggerated

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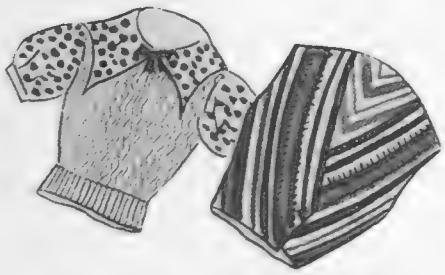
AND
COUNTRY KITS

Depot for Leathercraft (of Malvern)

Bathing suit with double knicker Sunbathing suit.



Handknit jersey. 32/6. multi coloured waistcoat.

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Canvas shorts suit 1 gn.
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White corduroy velvet 'Bell Hop' coat: cloth skirt 4½ gns. Cap 10/6 Lime green lightweight shone suit 6½ gns. Other colours.

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Kaffir silk pyjamas 2½ gns.

Seeing the World from the Air (*continued from page* 390)

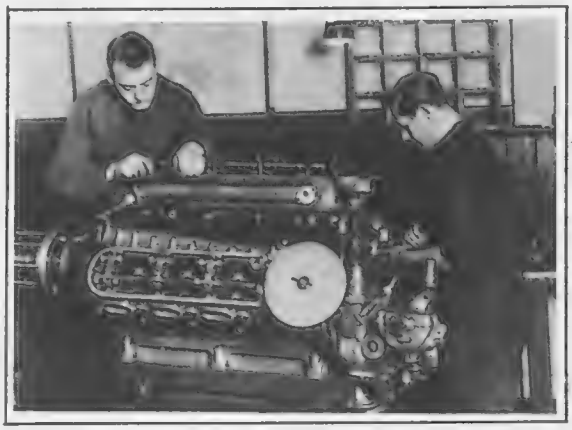
running costs and absence of vices are so well known. Its early partner, the Cirrus engine, is used, with a later edition, the Hermes, and its present power-unit, the Gipsy, in great numbers throughout the world. The Fox Moth is a welcome addition to the family, being intended for the professional pilot who does taxi work, or for feeder services to the main air routes. It costs less than £1000, will carry three people in the cabin, or 750 lb. of freight, and has the same Gipsy engine as its more luxurious brother, the Puss Moth, which is, perhaps, the most popular private owner's machine in the world, counting the Prince of Wales as the leader of fashion in this respect.

Other Well-known Types

MACHINES of other makes include the Comper Swift, a fast single-seater with a Pobjoy engine; the Avian, made famous by such pilots as Kingsford Smith and Bert Hinkler; the Bluebird, with seats side by side; the Redwing, built on the same style; and the Spartan, which is also a three-seater. There is the Cutty Sark, an amphibian with two engines; the Monospar and Segrave Tourer, each with two engines and accommodation for four people; and, lastly, the Autogiro, a distinct departure from the normal, which has yet to prove itself a vehicle for comfortable long-distance touring in the hands of private pilots. The Armstrong-Siddeley "Genet" and "Genet" Major engines are the most popular of the radial type for light 'planes. Many of the latest machines are enclosed, which allows flying in ordinary kit, though open sports models and training machines call for a Burberry or a Sidcot suit in the winter.

Overhead and Running Costs

AND what of the costs when one has bought the machine and learnt to fly? As with a car, certain fixed charges have to be borne, whether one flies or not. Depreciation should be calculated over five years, hangar space will cost anything up to £1 per week, depending on locality, and insurance will vary with the skill of the pilot, and may be £50 a year. A Comper Swift costs slightly less than one penny a mile to run, whilst a Puss Moth will entail a fraction more than twopence, the former flying about 27 miles on a gallon of petrol, and the latter approximately 18. Private ownership cannot be enjoyed without an expenditure of at least £150 a year. Most pilots spend £250 to £300, and those with larger machines between £500 and £600. These figures represent the average taken from a number of actual results. As flying is at least three times as fast as motoring, and much more pleasant and healthy, considering the congested state of the roads, it is rapidly being adopted by everyone who can afford it.



Pupils of the College of Aeronautical Engineering in Chelsea overhauling a Napier "Lion" engine. This School for ground instruction is run in conjunction with the Brooklands School of Flying

Our Thanks are Due

ONE cannot leave the subject of private flying without mentioning some of the professional aids and accessories that have contributed to its success. For instance, Wakefield's Castrol, which lubricates the wheels of record-breaking engines, K.L.G. plugs, petrol of standard quality from Shell-Mex and B.P., to be found anywhere at home or on the Empire's air routes, parachutes by Irving, special air maps from Stanford's or the Automobile Association, wheels from Dunlops, air-logs from Thornton Norris, and "Chance" lights for safe night flying. The Big Four amongst aero-engine makers, Rolls-Royce, Armstrong-Siddeley, Napiers and Bristols, help the private owner, for the benefit of their research work, as with that by the makers of big machines, is available to all who fly.

Britain's Lead in the Air

FLYING being essentially international, one must look abroad for other signs of progress, but it is comforting to find that we lead in light 'plane design, in supreme speed—having won the Schneider Trophy outright—in the quality and performance of our military aircraft, and in the safety of our Imperial air lines, all of which has been achieved in spite of the natural disadvantages to the development of aviation in England, owing to its small size and indifferent weather. Distance being no longer a matter of miles, but of hours or days, flying has come into its own as the perfect method of getting about the world, and it will become in time the cheapest method of travel as well as the most practical. To those who have not yet flown, I would recommend it for comfort, speed, utility, and that indefinable sense of freedom which is the prerogative of the air.

C. E. W.

Pope & Bradley
OF OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W. 1.

"EXPENSIVE"

IN the light of comparative prices, it cannot be said that our charges are low. They are, according to present-day standards, "expensive." Eleven or twelve guineas is assumed to be a lot of money to pay for a lounge suit.

BUT we would mention, as an axiom, that we use only the very finest materials and linings; for cheap clothes are but poor economy—they neither tailor well, nor do they last long.

IT would be possible for us to produce quite easily a suit for six or eight guineas. But it would have to be a machine-sewn suit. Our cutters, who are artists, would not be able to obtain that perfect style for which hand-sewing alone is responsible. Nicely pressed off, such suits would fit well and look well—for a month or two; after that their shape would be appalling.

IT might be argued, except by the most particular of men, that four or five guineas extra is too much to pay for the indelible mark of style. It is not, for there are other important factors to take into consideration, including true economy.

STYLE is not the only quality imparted by hand-sewing. It is in the retention of shape and line that the essence of first-class tailoring becomes apparent. As soon as the press has worn off a machine-made suit, it begins to lose its shape; before long it will look like a rag. Whereas a hand-sewn garment will, if anything, improve with wear, retaining its style for decades, until it becomes a relic.

ONLY a few firms in the West End employ hand-labour. It is a very costly item. Were we satisfied that machine-labour were as good, should we be so foolish as to pay over **three times as much for production**? We employ only the cream of the West End "log" journeymen tailors, not because we are philanthropists, but because they are worth every penny of their costly labour.

THESE items—materials and hand-labour—together with the fact that we employ the most highly-skilled cutters in the trade, of necessity make our clothes expensive. Not extravagantly so, for our organisation is run on the most economic lines, and our percentage of gross profit remarkably small.

ONE Pope and Bradley suit will outlast two or three machine-made eight-guinea suits, which means that this comparatively high initial outlay is eventually an economy.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from fifteen guineas.

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It is one long and lovely picnic, from early glinting morning until far into the star-spattered night.

Occasionally you put on some more or less 'civilised' garments and descend in force upon Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft or Cromer for a change of scene, perchance a cinema. But the lure of your cosy wherry is insistent; and you return to her ample bosom by no means inarticulate with joy.

The Holiday Handbook with tariffs of hotels, boarding houses and apartments. From LNER Offices and Bookstalls. 6d.

Free Book **"Eastern Counties"** from LNER Stations, Offices and Agencies, or from Passenger Manager, L N E R, Liverpool St. Station, E.C.2; York, or Waverley Stn., Edinburgh; or Traffic Supt., L N E R, Aberdeen.

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Moores HATS

Two interesting booklets entitled, "Talking Through Your Hat" and "A Rabbit's Tale," tell all about the making of Fur Felt Hats. A free copy of each will be sent on request.

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Flying—Then and Now

(Continued from page 393)

generation will live to see "flying 'Mauretanias.'" Flying is still a young science, and many ideas are now being tested. There is, for example, the "Autogiro," with its revolving wings; also the "Helicogyre," with small engines mounted at the tips of its revolving planes. Aircraft of the helicopter type are intended to enable ascents to be made from, and landings effected on, any restricted area, such as a stage erected above the roof of a big city building. Such machines, in fact, herald the day of small, safe, simple craft in which we may be able to fly up from our own gardens and descend again on our own lawns.

WHAT the modern world demands is greater speed in transport, and for this reason there is a demand for the development and improvement of the flying-machine. It is only a few years since small lower-powered aircraft for purely private use—the motor-cars of the sky—made their first appearance. Already, however, light aeroplanes, mostly British, are being sold like motor-cars in all the markets of the world, while simplified and reliable aero-engines are being produced in large quantities.

DESIGNERS who look into the future now predict vast aircraft carrying hundreds of passengers. What we actually see dawning is a high-speed air-age in which journeys of weeks will be reduced to days, and those of days to hours. Air-parks and flying clubs are increasing, while towns and cities everywhere are beginning to realise that it is as necessary for them to have air-ports as it is to have railway stations.

WE are entering, without doubt, upon an era in which all our pre-conceived notions of time and distance will have to be changed. The world will appear to shrink in size, owing to the speed of our globe-girdling airways, and the peoples of the world will get to know each other in a way that has been impossible hitherto. They will be as much at home in foreign capitals as, to-day, they are in their own, and so flying should widen our vision, remove our prejudices, and create international friendships to which distance and frontiers have formed serious barriers in the past. Speeding high above the earth, and making use, probably, of some common language of the air, people should grow by degrees into one vast and happy family, all working for the common good. That, at any rate, is how I visualise the conquest of the air, when we have made that conquest complete by spanning the globe in all directions with a network of high-speed aerial services. I envisage this great air age as a new era of peace, prosperity and universal progress.

C. G.-W.

OWING TO EXTREME PRESSURE ON OUR SPACE THE LIST OF FLYING CLUBS HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY HELD OVER

The Auxiliary Air Force

(Continued from page 394)

amateurs attend both instructional and aerodrome parades quickly turns them into competent mechanics, bomb-aimers, gunners, photographers, and wireless operators.

There are eight A.A.F. Squadrons at present on the active list, two of which have been very recently formed. These are No. 600 (City of London), under the command of Squadron-Leader S. B. Collett; No. 601 (County of London), under S/L. H. N. St. V. Norman; No. 602 (City of Glasgow), under S/L. the Marquess of Clydesdale, No. 603 (City of Edinburgh), under S/L. Murray Philipson; No. 604 (County of Middlesex), under Hon. Wing-Comdr. Dore; No. 605 (County of Warwick), under S/L. Wright; No. 607 (County of Durham), under S/L. Runciman; and No. 608 (North Riding), under S/L. Davies.

There is keen competition for entry, and a rigid system of personal selection. Units are kept up to strength throughout the year, and it is claimed that any one of the squadrons could take its place side by side with a regular day-bomber squadron within a short time of mobilisation.

FOR the last five years the A.A.F. has taken part in the R.A.F. Display at Hendon, and in 1930 an Auxiliary Squadron (No. 600) put up for the first time a complete squadron formation of nine machines. In the following year a whole Wing (*i.e.*, three squadrons) performed, and in each of these years full duties were allotted to Auxiliary Squadrons in the Air Exercises.

Both H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales have taken an active interest in the development of the movement. The King opened the Town Headquarters of the City of Glasgow Squadron, and the Prince those of the County of London Squadron in Kensington. In February the Prince presented the Lord Esher Trophy to the best all-round squadron for the year (No. 605, County of Warwick).

Civilians who stay at home will do well to remember that the recent achievements in long-distance flying mean that Great Britain can no longer consider herself an island for purposes of defence. She can never again be immune from sudden attack. No one can foresee the future, but it is surely obvious that these Auxiliary Squadrons, with skilled officers and men, keen and ready for service, are a source of incalculable strength to national security and defence.

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Catarrh, Asthma, Emphysem Bronchitis. Diseases of the Throat, Nose and Larynx. Prospectus from the "Kurverein."

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Wernarzer Curative Spring
The Spa for Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Prospectus from the "Direktion."

Bad Steben
The Chalybeate and Mud Bath in the Frankenwald for Heart and Nerve troubles, Women's Diseases, Anæmia, Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica.

Information and Prospectuses are obtainable from all Travel Bureaux and also from the Administration Offices of the respective Spas.

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MAN TAILORED

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The purchase of a Studington Suit is the finest economy one can effect

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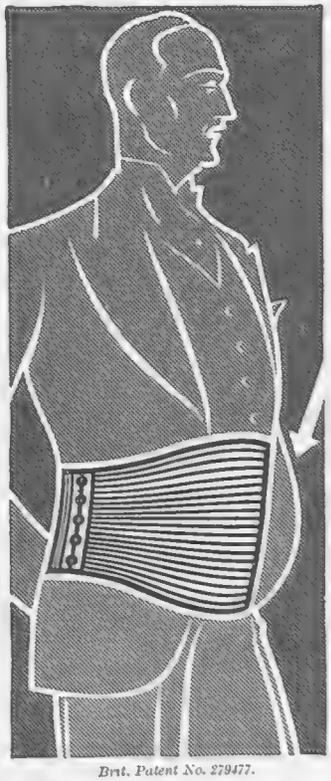
Do not let your Middle Age



Brit. Patent No. 279477.

Your middle decides your age. Years have very little to do with it. Slim — muscles taut — you are young. Fatly curved—sagging—you are old. The words "middle-age" have now a truer meaning. Do not let your middle age. Wear a Linia Belt and retain youthful health, strength and vitality.

The Linia Belt by supporting your abdominal muscles in the *right* place and the *right* way, helps you to regain and retain your youth.

More than 25 years of experiment and test have been spent in bringing the Linia Belt to its present state of perfection. The specially strong elastic tricot, the anatomically correct design and the open texture of the weave ensure that the Linia is the most hygienic belt obtainable. It is light, cool, easily washed.

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We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we also guarantee perfect fitting if you will send us by post your girth measurement and the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches).

The price of the Linia Belt, Popular model, is 2½ gns. (Black 3 gns.). De Luxe model in pure silk, extra light quality, 5 gns. (Black 6 gns.). Standard model 35/-. C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money refunded if dissatisfied.

On Sale only at

J. C. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent St., London, W.1

BIRMINGHAM: 14 New St. MANCHESTER: Old Colony House, South King St.

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 353)

DÉBUTANTES will have their first opportunity of seeing men stripped to the waist on June 7, unless they have been to Antibes and Juan les Pins. For on that date the Noble Art Ball will take place at Grosvenor House. The special feature of the ball will be contests in the three arts of boxing, wrestling, and sabre-fencing by the greatest experts in the country.

DON MCCORKINDALE, white champion of the British Empire; Jack O'Malley, heavyweight champion of Australia; Willie Unwin, of Cape Town, light-heavyweight champion of South Africa; Dave Crowley, the coming flyweight champion; Johnny Peters, coming bantam champion, and others, will give exhibitions of boxing under the supervision of Ted Broadribb, who will also supervise the three serious bouts between well-matched men who are yet to be chosen. Boxing will be under the rules and auspices of the British Boxing Board of Control.

SABRE-FENCING will be under the direction of Professor Leon Bertrand, who has received promises from Mr. A. Gordon Pilbrow, Amateur Champion of Great Britain, and Mr. Jan Obdam, the runner-up, that they will give exhibitions of this very beautiful defensive art. The names of those who will take part in the all-in wrestling bouts will be announced shortly. The sporting events will take place between 9.30 and 11.30. The ball will continue until 3 a.m. The Embassy Band will play for the dancing, and I should think there would be many present at so novel a dance.

Swaebe

On Guard!

The Hon. Caroline Thynne, the little daughter of Lady Weymouth, well protected in Hyde Park by her Great Dane, with a Pekinese also alert

ALL kinds of new methods are being explored to help charities. The Duke and Duchess of York are both going to be present at the gala motor race which takes place at Brooklands on July 2. This event is being organised to raise funds for Guy's Hospital. Two big committees are working for the event, members of which include Lord Westmoreland, Lord Howe, Lord Ebbisham, Lady Cambridge, and Sir Henry Birkin. The programme for the event will include many big races for British cars, but an International Race will be one of the star attractions. A ladies' race, a students' race, a "safety-first" driving test for teams, a race between an aeroplane and a car, and an air display, are some of the events it is hoped to present. Organisers are, indeed, hard put to it to find attractions which will benefit deserving charities nowadays.

CORA, the Prince of Wales's Cairn, has gone into retirement, I see, and her place has been taken by Jacques, another Cairn. It makes one wonder what has happened to the late Lord Birkenhead's equally famous Jane. It looked at first as though Jane was going to die of a broken heart, but I gather she became reconciled to fate later on.

Would You Get a Fair Deal? By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE had a letter from a correspondent asking me whether, if she went in for breeding and for showing, she would be likely to get what she calls a "fair do."

Now, shall I be honest and rush in where angels fear to tread? Shall I lay myself open to criticism; or shall I be mum as a mouse (are mice particularly mum, by the way?) and tell her that everything in the garden is roses? I think I shall be a brave, good woman, and tell the truth, and put up with the letters of abuse that will fall to my lot.

Well, Mrs. R., you will get a fair deal from one or two judges, and you will get an absolutely crooked deal from the others. If you refuse to be discouraged and continue to show; if you use one of the influential people's stud dogs and get into the right clique for your breed, you will end by being received as one of themselves, and you will probably do quite well. But you will have to swallow your pride and you will have to swallow your tears, until your turn comes to make somebody else miserable.

SO much for the black side of the matter. But, curiously enough, with all the "scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" attitude that is to be met, you will find that if you possess a really good dog, it will end up on top if you show perseveringly. It is quite possible that you will breed a first-class dog (this is beginner's luck) in your first year, and you will have no luck with him. You will sell him, and the new owner will pilot him to victory. This may not be dishonesty, it may merely be that you do not know enough to "put him down" in real show condition.

But, even so, you may breed another good one, and although you do not belong to one of the inner cliques, there is still enough honesty and sportsmanship in British human nature to ensure that you will find yourself near the top. It's a strange world, my masters, and the dog-showing fraternity are no better, and no worse, than anybody else, but there's a good deal of "dirty work at the cross-roads," as there is in every sphere of life. Still, I wouldn't discourage a newcomer for that reason. Everybody has to serve his apprenticeship, whether it be in a mill, in an office, or in the show-ring, and it teaches you grit and not to whine when things go against you.

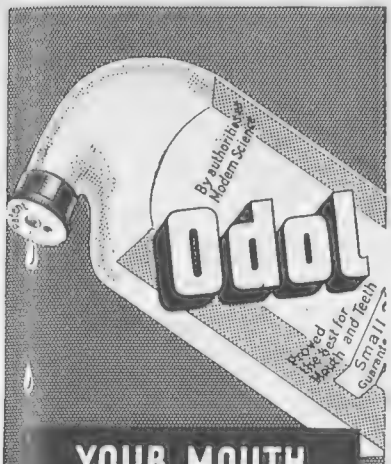
But if I were asked if I would start breeding again, with one eye on the show-ring, I should say "No," for I think it spoils whatever breed of dog you may be interested in, as too little attention is paid to things like character and too much to purely arbitrary points.

A Dog Without a Bark

This Basenji, registered at the Kennel Club, the African hunting dog, is the only one of its kind in the British Isles. Its bark is not worse than its bite, for the reason given above

IF I wanted to start in a breed, and at the same time to have the fun of competition, I should invest in a working collie and run it in the various sheep trials. I might not do very well, because the old hands at the game would beat me, but I should have the fun of owning a working dog and, at the same time, of competing for a prize, and it is useless to pretend that competition is not fascinating.

I have had my share of luck in the show-ring, and I have bred my own champion, and I do not deny that there is a great deal of satisfaction in so doing; but now that the said champion never goes to shows and lives at home, I love him all the more, and I love his daughter, who is no show dog, equally.



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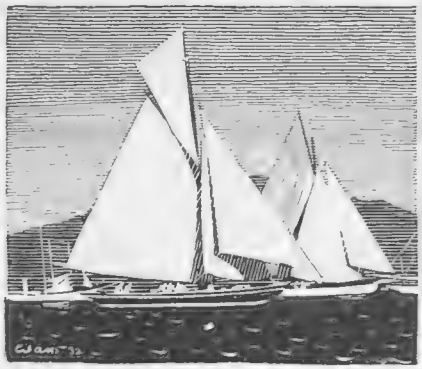

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Sport with the Lid Off.

(Continued from page 360)

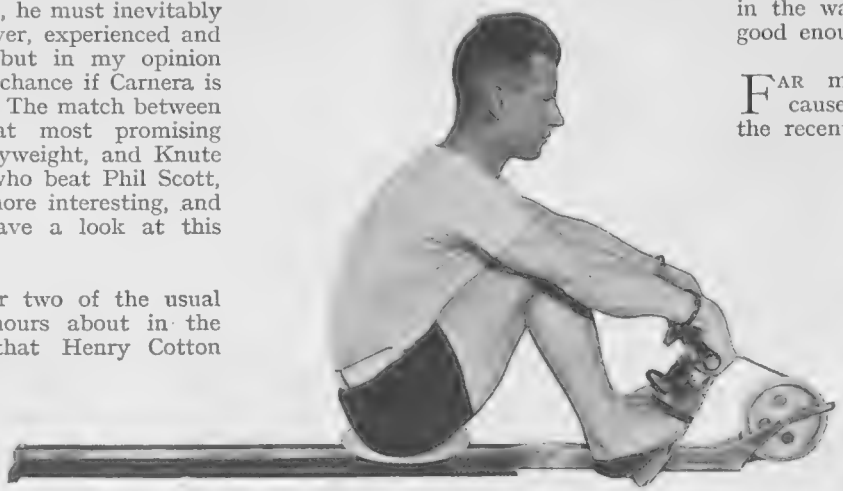
AND now briefly to other matters, if I can turn my mind to them with some show of coherence. There is, for example, a big boxing show at the White City next Monday, when Larry Gains, the Canadian negro, tries his luck with Carnera. I won't attempt to prophesy the result, but will content myself with saying that if Carnera really lets himself go, he must inevitably win. Gains is a clever, experienced and courageous fighter, but in my opinion he will only have a chance if Carnera is pulling his punches. The match between Walter Neusel, that most promising young German heavyweight, and Knute Hansun, the Dane who beat Phil Scott, is likely to be far more interesting, and I advise you to have a look at this German boy.

THERE are one or two of the usual unpleasant rumours about in the sporting world — that Henry Cotton was treated badly by the crowd, in his recent match with W. T. Twine, because he is conceited, for example, and that a movement is afoot to abolish the Women's Advisory Committee of the Lawn Tennis Association because the Committee are alleged to have shown favouritism in selecting representative women players.

COTTON certainly takes himself seriously, but then he is entitled to do that, and his personal characteristics do not in any way excuse the behaviour of spectators who clapped when he missed a putt. I'm afraid, however, that crowds become increasingly unsporting, which is simply another regrettable sign of the times.

AS for the Women's Advisory Committee, I would sooner support the views of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, an ex-champion who knows all about the play and players, than be influenced by the yappings of disgruntled youngsters who have been pampered by the popular Press. Mrs. Lambert Chambers plumps for our women's teams being selected in the way they are now—and that is good enough for me.

FAR more disturbing is the alarm caused in county cricket circles by the recent bad weather. The financial position grows daily more serious, and I hear talk of a proposal that all gate-receipts should be pooled, and shared out equally among the counties by the M.C.C. There is a good deal of sense in this proposal, though no doubt the richer counties might object to supporting their weaker brethren. For all that, something will have to be done. One county captain told me that he is convinced that, before long, only one-day matches will be played, a suggestion which will send shivers down the august spines of the M.C.C. authorities.



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While we are young, the cellular structure of the skin and underlying tissues is constantly re-created by these hormones, and the skin remains fresh and firm and elastic. As we get older, or when we are tired or have been ill, there is a tendency for the glands to become less active, and so the supply of the regenerative elements is less adequate and the signs of age—lines, loss of contour and colouring—manifest themselves.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, one of the most famous of the European beauty specialists, herself a chemist and dermatologist, has always interested herself in scientific discoveries and their possible application to the practical science of beauty culture. Realising the extreme importance of the glandular elements in the conservation and re-creation of youth, she has collaborated with physicians and chemists in some of the most famous laboratories in Europe, and the result of her work is the creation of a cream which incorporates the vital hormonic elements, and by its application the skin and underlying tissues are supplied with the regenerating essence of first youth.

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PERSONALLY, I can never understand women's secrecy about beauty treatments which have done them good. Whenever I have been asked how I managed to look so well after an illness, or what preparations I used to keep my skin clear or avoid sun-burn, or whatever it was, I have always been delighted to proclaim the source of the achievement and give credit where credit is due; but perhaps I have the "advertisement" sense, and many women prefer that other women should not know how they "keep young" and conserve their beauty. To these the new Hormone Twin Creams will be a boon indeed, for they can be applied privately at home, and no one need know the cause of their rejuvenation and the renewed radiance of their complexions.

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Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra, where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. ' Cuties ' and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has ' nothing on ' New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

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" A white rat ; that was how his host, Colonel Fairbright, thought of him. Clement had realised that on the afternoon of his arrival, and he had realised it without the slightest tinge of resentment. Now, as he lay basking in a canvas chair, he was definitely glad that his host should think of him in just that way.

Colonel Fairbright was so perfect of his type. He was tall, spare and flat-backed. His manner was polite and reserved. He was kindly without understanding. He was always at his ease. He seemed unquestionably of the upper class ; yet, as was common enough in such cases, his family had emerged, by means of industrialism, only some two or three generations ago. His dignity was obviously natural. Everything about him was natural. But none of it would have been natural, nor could have been, in any one of the world which had been Clement's own.

To Clement, little more than half the age of his host, a playwright almost from earliest manhood, and therefore of necessity interested in human beings, Colonel Fairbright was a permanent delight. He had known the type, of course. He had known it first from stage versions. He had come, as he rose on the bubble of success, to meet it in the houses to which he was invited. But this was the first time he had had the chance to watch it over any length of time, and at his ease.

Now, without indeed being very conscious of doing so, he was taking in Colonel Fairbright. . ."

In "THE WHITE RAT," by Geoffrey Moss.

" The reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public, I do not mean the newspaper reviewers, but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two ' big ' pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time : ' Hell Divers ' and ' Shanghai Express.' I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory, that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen, and that men naturally ' fall for ' the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about : men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor. . ."

In " THE FANS AND THEIR FANATICISM," by Sydney Tremayne.

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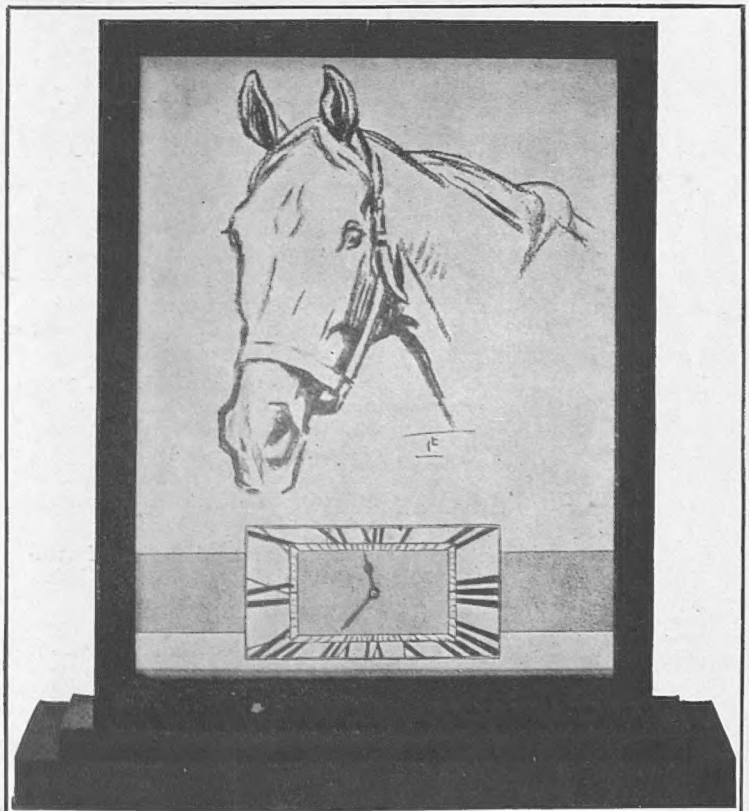

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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Honourable Betting Men

1839:—"Once more I am minded to remark upon ye prompt honesty of Davies.[1] This morning I received his cheque for ye whole sum of my winnings over Charles XII[2] at Doncaster, though there still be some three days before his settling becomes due. And I mark this as being all ye more creditable since his losses on ye race are reputed to total an almost fabulous figure."

1. A famous bookmaker familiarly known as "the Leviathan bettor" who once lost £100,000 on a single race, and paid it all without question.
2. Then owned by Major Yarburgh. Winner of the St. Leger in 1839 (after dead-heating with Euclid).

Lady Angela: "It seems to me that the old boy was not so much pleased at winning as relieved that his bookie could pay him."

Sir Edward: "Well, I expect if we'd been in his place we'd have felt a bit anxious."

Lady Angela: "But why? It never enters my head to worry about my winnings. As soon as I see my gee go past the box I consider my money as good as banked."

Sir Edward: "Ah, but your 'Duggie' wasn't in existence all those years ago. In this particular case, for instance, my revered ancestor was dealing with Davies, who was one of the most honourable betting men of his time. All the same, when he heard that his bookie had lost heavily, he would naturally wonder if Davies would be able to meet his losses."

Lady Angela: "You mean that in those days a bookie might have landed himself in for more than his capital would stand?"

Sir Edward: "Yes, and even in these days, you could hardly expect every agent to have the enormous resources of 'Duggie'."

Lady Angela: "Nor his knack of understanding when I mix up horses' names on the 'phone..."

Sir Edward: "Talking of mixing, darling . . . same again?"

Lady Angela: "Mm, please."

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